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THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

My Father.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

Well, well do I remember,
The night my Father died,
I felt my heart was breaking as
I knelt low at his side:
Ah! yes, my mem'ry wanders to
The night my Father died,
How agonized this heart of mine,—
How bitterly I cried.

I felt my heart was loosing *all*,
As heavily I sighed.
Ah! 'twas a *bitter* night for me,
The night my Father died;
For since, I've felt how cold it is
Without a Father's care.
How quick my heart will grieve and mourn,
How soon it will despair.

And though I know he dwells above
With Angels and with God,
I cannot cease to grieve that he
Was lain beneath the sod.
Oh! would that I were with him now,
How happy I would be.
To join him in the courts above,
And there my Saviour see.

But no, ah! camly I must wait,
Till God shall say, "now come!"
Then *happily* will I obey,
In going to my home;
For ah! I cannot say that I
Have "sailed life's sunny tide."
My heart has been sad ever since
The night my Father died.

Oak Glen, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Murderer's Daughter.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

CHAPTER XXI.

ELLA hastened home; her father merely enquiring, "Ella—what out at this time of day?"

"Yes, father, and *in* too; always in as you see in time."

"But has your mother noticed your absence?"

"Indeed, sir, my mother is slightly indisposed, I believe. I will go and see."

"And return and tell me, my child."

Ella hastened to her mother's room, and to *her* surprise appeared to be more cheerful than ever before.

"O! my daughter," said she, "I am glad to see you; you are so cheerful. You are reconciled to Mr. Castleton, I hope."

"To my fate, mother!"

"Ella! Ella! are you yet undecided?"

"No, mother, no."

"And when is the *marriage* to be?"

"When *Everard* gets out of prison!"

"And is he to be present at the wedding?"

"Yes, mother and the groom!"

"My child! What shall I then do?—shall I return to the South?—for I could not live here in comparative poverty? O! my child, do marry Mr. Castleton—and thus you will evade all obloquy and poverty, besides!"

"Mother, my heart pleads for me, and I must obey it."

"For Everard, you mean?"

"For happiness and fame!"

"Well, my child, remember that your mother has done her utmost to save you from ruin."

"I will remember it, mother—and do more for you than that; you shall yet rejoice that Everard is your son!"

"May it be so since it *must?* But oh, my child, look at Castleton *once* more; at his mansion—his wealth—his family—his name. See he is one of the millionaires of New York! And *your* Everard, he is a *prisoner*, and, if an innocent man, without a cent. How romantic is your love and how dear you will pay for it!"

"Ah! mother, whilst you are thus deploring my fortune, *I* glory in it! for this Castleton with all his wealth is as a meteor in the horizon, whilst my Everard will glow as a sun in the firmament!"

Mrs. Falconer had now failed in every effort that she had made to proselyte Ella to her notions of matrimonial wealth or high life alliances. She concluded it to be best, therefore, to let things take their course—for she felt that she had done her duty—and should not have to reflect upon herself for any neglect to secure the best interests of her daughter—the truth was, her daughter, like perhaps too few, young ladies, in high life, at the present day, had been told, in vain it is true, that wealth was the chief source of happiness—and had, by her intercourse with good society and her own native good sense, discovered that genius was as much superior to gold as virtue is to vice, or benevolence to parsimony. She had seen that greatness consisted, not in the display of wealth, but in the enlargement of the mind—not in the costliness of the beautiful mansion, but in intellectual superiority. To her mother things appeared in a far different light; and besides the spectre of her former guilty husband even hung over the prospects of her fondly cherished, but in her eyes, too romantic daughter; and thus affected in her own mind by former scenes, she longed to see her daughter shielded by wealth and elevation from any possible future calamity.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE trial now came on, bringing agitation to every other one of the party concerned, rather than to Everard Williams; for conscious of his own innocence, he knew that he had nothing to fear. Castleton, in the meantime, was not apparently at all more concerned, though, in fact, he was full of apprehension in regard to the result. The goods had never been stolen, as he knew, but he had caused them to be abstracted from his store, and had provided two witnesses to see them thus taken away; and had made the person, taking them, assume the appearance of Everard. These witnesses were, therefore, to appear in court, and thus confront him, and give in their testimony accordingly. Castleton was, of course, the prosecutor, and his attorney conducted the trial. And, now, the parties had all appeared in court—Everard had been arraigned and the testimony given in on the part of the prosecution. The two suborned witnesses had testified, consistently, and had been questioned and cross-questioned; and to the jury the case seemed to be quite clear. But only the witnesses for the prosecution had been examined, when Everard handed a note to his counsel, to summon a witness on *his* part. And who should this witness be? Why, to the surprise of every one, the court, the prosecuting party and the spectators, it was no other than Ella Falconer!

At this juncture Everard's mother came into the court, causing considerable commotion and *more* sympathy; for the testimony, hitherto, had been so explicit and consistent, that no one doubted that Everard would be convicted. This one, therefore, and that, began to say to each other,

"Ah! there goes another bird to the cage!"

"Sing-Sing will have a *lawyer* there now," and everything of this kind was said which a thoughtless rabble could suggest.

At this moment Ella took the stand—

"And what can you say in regard to this matter, Miss?" said the attorney.

"Why, everything that is requisite," she replied.

"Indeed," said the attorney, "*were you present?*"

"No, sir, and *Everard* was not!"

"Everard was not present when the goods were stolen?"

"No, indeed!"

"And where was he?"

"What do you wish to prove by this witness?" said the court.

"*An alibi!*"

"Where," said the counsel, "was the prisoner at the time, that this crime is said to have been committed?"

"At my mother's house!"

As Ella said this, she blushed, and her confusion was noticed by the court and the crowd! Hence they began to change their tone.

"There," said one, "this bird will save him now;" and another,

"Castleton will get to Sing-Sing before him!"

"Do you say," said the prosecuting attorney, "that the prisoner was at your mother's at the precise hour of the night, when this burglary is alleged to have been committed?"

"Yes, sir."

The testimony here closed, no other being needed; and after but little argument the jury, without retiring from their seats, brought in a verdict of "*not guilty.*"

In a moment Ella and Everard were in each other's arms; and the good old jailor was congratulating them at the result.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CASTLETON was now utterly discomfitted, and gave up all hope in regard to Ella. He called at the door of Mrs. Falconer, not indeed to see Ella, but to say to Mrs. Falconer, that if he had been unsuccessful, he had at least gone as far as the case justified; and that he thought, sad as the result was, that he must now prosecute his plans no farther.

"Ella," he said, "could have been favorably situated in life, but she chose to sacrifice all her beauty—prospects—enjoyment—for a mere pettifogger, who only, by her foolish interest in him, had been saved from the Penitentiary!"

Mrs. Falconer listened to Castleton, but said nothing in reply, hoping that the matter would now end, and that she might have a little peace herself; of which, for some six months, she had been deprived. But her hopes were not to be so quickly realized. Everard Williams had been grossly injured. His name—his fame—his prospects, had been tarnished. As an innocent man, he had been charged with a foul crime. It was necessary, therefore, that he should do something to retrieve a lost reputation.

It was his turn, then, now to prosecute. Accordingly he brought an action against Castleton, for defamation and false imprisonment!

"Aha!" said Castleton, "that is the way the thing is going to work! Then I must see my attorney again."

But the attorney—the cunning old fox—didn't like to have this snarl unravelled; for fear, that he should be implicated himself!

"But," said Castleton, "you were ready enough to get me into this scrape—now get me out of it."

"That is quite another thing," said the attorney—"*if you had got that fairy off to the Springs*, as I advised you, we should have got the case!"

"Indeed!—but that was an impossibility—she would no more have left that serpent that charmed her so, than you would have foregone your fee!"

"But, my dear sir, it won't do to have another lawsuit—for Williams will surely cast you—yes, as sure as the world!"

"What shall I do then?"

"Why, you must go and compromise with him."

"But he lays his damages at $50,000!"

"Fifty thousand! Well, faith! that is a pretty heavy sum, but I wonder he didn't put it at *a hundred thousand*; for you must remember *he is a lawyer*; and one of these shrewd yankees at that!"

"Well, you will undertake that case, will you not?"

"Indeed, I should prefer that you would get other counsel."

"And *indeed* I would prefer not to do so."

"Then go and compromise, for you have got yourself into a scrape; and now you must get out of it the best way you can."

"Alas! I thought you were a *friend*, as well as an advocate."

"Ah! it is hard enough to be one—you ought not to expect the other."

"What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him he may have your up-town mansion!"

"O! horror!"

"But he will get it, if he goes to law."

"He will! Then I may as well deed it over to him at once, and end the matter, *but* it is a very hard case!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CASTLETON found that it was one thing to turn the tables, and another to have them turned—but as he could command thousands, he put the best face, that he could, on the matter, and let it go. He made over his house to Everard Williams without more ado, and concluded to stick to his dry goods and let matrimony alone.

Ella now was all joy, for, in the innocence of her heart, she supposed that all obstacles to the final and complete accomplishment of her wishes were removed. She didn't even suspect that any new occurrence could transpire to throw a blight over her long-cherished and fondest hopes.

But ah! 'tis doom'd that love should sigh,
And fond affection weep;
That angry clouds should mar the sky,
And storms o'erwhelm the deep.

For man to changing ills is doom'd,
Solicitude and care;
And in his *life-time* oft entomb'd,
With anguish and despair!

Nor, Ella, thou shalt yet repose,
Exempt from all alarm;
Thy pathway is beset with foes,
Resolved to do the harm.

Yet, fair one! weep not at thy fate—
For good to thee will come,
And numbered with the wise and great,
Thou shalt *enjoy* thy home!

Everard Williams' mother was a lady of commanding influence and superior judgment. Over her children she had always exerted an almost absolute control. Everard was her favorite son—and to her, he never failed to show the greatest deference. The Falconer family, passing under a different name from their former one, when she knew Mrs. Falconer—she had never imagined that Ella was the daughter of Mr. Cantley—the murderer of her husband! The idea, therefore, that her son was going to marry this young lady, brought all the frightful scene of the murder back to her and overwhelmed her with distress.

"My son," said she, "you must not. Indeed you must not. Would you kill your mother?"

"But you should reflect a little, mother—you should remember that I am under everlasting obligations to Ella Falconer."

"O! no, my son—she has acted *humanely* towards you—that is all."

"Mother, has she not been into court and saved my reputation?"

"Yes, but you must recollect that she was the occasion of your going into court—had she yielded to the wishes of another, you would not have been impeached."

"But I could not get an honorable release from her, even if I felt disposed."

"You could tell her that, to marry the daughter of the man that killed your father would even occasion the most unpleasant associations in the families; and besides, that you are from the North, and she from the South; and that, therefore, you think it best to abandon the project which you both have in view; and that this is *your mother's* advice."

"Mother, I hardly have the heart to do that."

"But, my son, you *must* do it. It certainly will never do for you to marry a murderer's daughter! It will be an eternal disgrace to you! Her own mother, too, I understand, will advocate your abandoning her, for she does not desire an alliance that will cause such melancholy associations. Indeed, my son, I do not know what you can have been thinking about, to have entered into so sad an engagement. I shall never be able to look upon your wife, without recalling to my mind your father and his cruel murderer! Think, then, oh! think, of the connection, in its frightful relations, and abandon it immediately!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ALAS! for Everard, this was an unexpected interruption of his matrimonial operations. His mother's veto was upon them! His murdered father was presented to him, as a spectre to alarm and confront him! What would that father say, could he rise from the dead! Would he not say, "my son, do you justify my murderer!—*you*, my representative!—*you!*—then will not all the world justify the murderer too! O! my son—form no such connection, filial duty forbids it!—humanity forbids it—justice forbids it—nay, both conscience and reason!"

Everard was staggering at such considerations as these; and coming upon him suddenly, like the fall of a mountain weight, they seemed on the point of crushing him!

Immediately he hastened into the presence of Ella, sad—disconsolate—overpowered!

"Ella!" said he, "Ella!"—he could say no more—his tears—his heart—prevented his utterance.

"Everard," said she, "why do you weep so?"

"O!" said he, "I cannot tell you, no, Ella; indeed I cannot; and yet I *must*."

"Yes, tell me, Everard;—tell me, no matter what—and I will abide my fate!"

"Ella! Ella! how noble you are! And must I abandon you?—*must* I—after all that has transpired? all your devotion to *me?*"

"And do you love *another*, Everard?"

"No—no—I love *only* you—you, my charm—my idol!—my all! but *your father murdered mine;* and now the world cries out against the match. My mother, my own dear mother, most of all!"

"Everard! Everard! go!—*go*, buy my shrowd—I ask no more!!"

Ella swooned and fell senseless to the floor.

"She is dead! She's dead!" cried Everard, "and *I* have killed her—yes, I!—no, my mother! you—yes, *you*—my mother! I would not have done such a thing, but for you—never—*never!*"

Ella lay in this same state for one long, long hour—long to Everard—and then her consciousness returned.

"Ella, Ella," said Everard, "I will not *leave* you—no—no, *I will die first*—you are mine—and you always shall be; forgive me, Ella. O! forgive me—*me*, a wretch!"

Ella looked up—a sweet smile was resting on her countenance—and she said,

"O! Everard, I didn't think you *could* forsake me—no—Everard, no—and yet the *possibility* of your doing so robbed me of my consciousness. And your dear mother, can I see her one moment? If she says *no*, then—Everard!—we—*part!*"

"No—Ella—there must be no *more* parting! And you must not *see* my mother, if that will do it—no, *nor your own!* Heaven only must separate us now!"

"And are you, indeed, willing, Everard, to be mine?

"Willing! O! don't say, wiining, I wouldn't part with you for the world!—for O! now I have tested your love, and *you* shall test mine!"

We cannot express the joy that these two lovers now felt. Everything seemed to be out of the way now for their union; and their hearts were more closely knitted together than ever before.

Accordingly, in a few days, they were married and took possession of the unfortunate Castleton's mansion, and none of the parties concerned, ever afterwards, had occasion to regret that Everard had married "*The Murderer's Daughter!*"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Write to me Often.

Inscribed to M. A.

BY MATILDA.

Write to me very often,
Write to me very soon,
Let your sweet words come softly,
Putting my heart in tune;
Letters are friendship's torches,
Lighting affection's lamp,
Flitting about on hearthstones
Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write to me very often,
Write in the early morn,
Write at the close of evening,
When gently the night comes on,
While the calm stars are beaming
Bright in the soft blue sky,
When o'er the folded flowers
Night winds in music sigh,
Draw out thy letter table,
Lighten thy lamp, and write;
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night,
Write to me very often;
Letters are links that bind
Tenderest hearts together
Fettering mind to mind,
Giving to truthful spirits
Holy and deep delight;
Oh! if you prize my friendship,
Never forget to write.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Hand of God.

BY PONINGOE.

Why do we watch the golden stars
That stud the azure dome on high?
Why do we listen to the breeze
That eloquently passes by?
Why do we watch the dew descend,
As if to bathe in distant seas—
The champion of warmth and light—
The blessing of all centuries?
Because in all of these our spirits see,
The hand of God enwrapt in mystery.

Why do we stand beneath the boughs
Of forest-tree when winter's hand
Hath crowned all things with icy gems,
And scattered snow-wreaths o'er the land?
Why do we stand on Ocean's shore
And watch the flashing of the sun;
And mark the grandeur of the waves
That o'er their bed of coral run?
Because in all of these we e'er discern
The hand of God, and of His wisdom learn.

Where e'er we be: by day, by night
His greatness e'er doth abound,
And beauties, sent us from above,
In charity and love are found.
There's not a leaf that sips the breeze
Which, soft as kisses, floats along,
That doth not sparkle with the light
Of Heaven and answer to its song.
Then wherefore all this mystery so grand?
Ask thy own heart the work of God's own hand

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Lottie Linwood.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov., 1858.

He has told the tale, sweeet sister, and like Paul, before Agrippa, I will "answer for myself," while the dim sunshine slants through the south windows, and the chilly November winds go surging and sobbing around the eaves, and moaning "gone! gone!" through the yellow, falling leaves, and the rustling, faded bowers.

I could weep for the memory of things that *are* "gone," that comes back to my heart, as the wailing winds drift on, chanting a requiem for "joys departed!"—but as thought shakes up the lachrymal fountain, Reason asks: "what's the use of sighing?" and Will curls its defiant lip and crushes back the bitter waters, as the silver bells of "Old Times" ring the struggling spirit away to the great temple of the PAST.

"OLD TIMES!"—how the thought comes stirring and saddening the soul, as we look far back through the long, dim arches of the years, and see the green oases over which our feet once trod, and to which we can never, no never return! But 'tis worse than madness to repine, when "all the past is vain."

Did you sit by the south window, where the roses clambered and shone, and the summer twilight breathed its sweet breath through the fluttering vine-leaves, and watch, and wait for the hezel-eyed one "from old Virginia's shore?"—even then, she was longing for the cool mountain air, and green woodland ways of your "dear native home."

But the bright blossoms died, and the blue eyes of summer shut in the sunlight of clear August skies, and the white wings of the Death-angel could almost be heard rustling above a loved one; and the cherished dream of a happy meeting, faded with the leaves of "the melancholy days."

I wish I could sit down in your cosy home, dear Lottie, and with your fair hand folded in mine, look in your loving blue eyes, and tell you of all the golden hopes and brilliant heart-flowers that have drooped and browned in the broad shadows of changeful hours since that blooming June time. I miss the sweet garland of beauty and brightness that festooned the inner temple of the heart, in those fair days.

The lights are out, in its festal halls,
And the sable of sorrow is hung on its walls!

I miss the light of eyes that smiled through the sunlight hours, blue as the skies above them, and the dear voice that drifted upon the summer winds, is floating, now,

Far, far away, where the sunset is red'ning
Over the prairy roses!

And soon another, whose heart-tendrils have been intertwisted with ours, through long years, will be "gone! gone!" for the hour glass is dropping its last sand, and the winter snows will spread a white shroud over his loved form, and the spring buds of earth, burst above his grave! But we know there'll be songs of joy far up in the Promised Land, when the freed spirit flutters away from its weary prison-house; for the fadeless spring-time of Eternity, will dawn upon him, when the doxology of life's December is ended. And in the years coming on, we shall look back, through the dim haze, to present hours, and crush down the upgushing tears of memory, as the thought of "Old Times" comes back to the heart, and the sad winds seem sobbing: "gone! gone!"

But dear Lottie,

Life's longest tale of sorrows is soon told,
And time is but the college of the soul;
What if the skies so blue in hours ago,
Are dim and dusky with the shades of wo?
The spring flowers of the heart may droop and brown,
And the rude winds of anguish shake them down;
But there'll be spring-time where no chill or gloom
Can reach the roses of perennial bloom!

Affectionately, always Yours,
SARAH J. C. W.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FAME.

BY A. R. R.

"And what is fame, and what is glory?
A dream, a jester's lying story;
A word of praise, perchance of blame,
The wreck of a time-bandied name—
And this is glory—this fame."

Is there to be found in this round world, a man upon the altar of whose heart there burns not the fires of ambition—a desire for fame—to eclipse in brilliancy the brightest star that adorns the social or political firmament—to have his name written in characters of unfading light upon his country's brow; to live in the hearts and memories of his fellows, when he shall lie mingling with his mother earth—when his thrill voice shall be heard no more, and closed forever are his ears to every shout of praise? Is there one? Nay, disguise it as you may, the candid response of every heart must be, "it is *not I*." It is bred within us—it is *more* than second nature; it grows with our growth, strengthens with our strength, and clings around our hearts, like the ivy to the oak, from the cradle to the grave. It discovers itself to be the motive-principle of almost every action of our lives. But why is it thus? What is fame? of what avail is it? Does the sleeping dust hear its deafening peals, or thrill with rapture at its notes of praise? Can it render more calm and peaceful the quiet slumbers of the grave? Can it light up with glory the black and dreary shades of the valley of death, or cause to spring up throughout the vast, unfathomed gloom of eternity the feeblest presence of a brightening goal? Can it? Ah, could we bend our ears to catch the whisperings of spirits, who once dwelt among us in houses of clay, from every part of the boundless universe would come the cold and hollow response, "NO."

Notwithstanding the reward of the aspirant for fame is as meager and unsatisfying as the beggar's portion, and as futile as the whistling winds, yet, it is the grand lever by which earth's millions are moved to action, to perform deeds of noble daring, or to leave behind them names, at the mention of which, the world may tremble and grow pale! Yes, indeed, the thirst for fame, when nourished and cherished, is so powerful a flame that the blood of millions cannot quench it. Remember Cæsar: how many millions perished that he might be great!

Reader, do you desire to be great? then let that greatness consist in *goodness*—for, believe me, it is as essential to *true* greatness as the warming rays of the sun to the cold and frozen earth, that it may bring forth its fruits—as breath to the existence of life. Strive to ameliorate the condition of your fellow-men; extend to the suffering and faint-hearted the hand of relief and encouragement; raise the fallen; exalt the meek and unpretending; encourage virtue, and condemn, and battle with all your soul and strength against immorality, injustice and error. Do this, faithfully, and you will attain unto a greatness which can never be realized in any other way,—a greatness, which will elicit the pride, love and veneration of your race; and—laying aside the sublime consideration of an unfading wreath of glory awaiting you from the hand of Deity—will, when you fade from earthly scenes, robe in habiliments of mourning, a grateful, sorrowing world; yea, and when the earth-worm shall have banqueted upon your crumbling frame, and a simple slab is all that remains to tell the world what you once were, the widow and orphan, the suffering and oppressed, will often resort there and water with their tears of affection the wild rose blooming above your sleeping dust!

A wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the following of Judge William Smith, of South Carolina.

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest and best women, whose character has ever been presented to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days, she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern, unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it.

"The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith "riotous living." At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, and he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, "he then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived." "This promise," says my friend Col. Williams, "he faithfully kept," and said the Judge to him, "from that day, everything which I touched turned to gold." "His entire success in life," says Col. Williams, "he set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise."

"No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given."

Sufferings of a man of Genius.

Hon. Joseph Holt, Commissioner of Patents, in reporting in favor of extending Goodyear's India Rubber Patent, gives the following interesting particulars of the poverty endured by himself and family while prosecuting his experiments:

From the first moment that the conception entered his mind until his complete success—embracing a period of from sixteen to eighteen years—he applied himself unceasingly and enthusiastically to its perfection, and to its introduction into use, in every form that his fruitful genius could devise.—So intensely were his faculties concentrated upon it, that he seems to have been incapable of thought or of action upon any other subject. He had no other occupation, was inspired by no other hope, cherished no other ambition. He carried continually about his person a piece of India-rubber, and into the ears of all who would listen he poured incessantly the story of his experiments, and the glowing language of his prophecies. He was, according to the witnesses, completely absorbed by it, both by day and night, pursuing it with untiring energy and with almost superhuman perseverance. Not only were the powers of his mind and body thus ardently devoted to the invention, and its introduction into use, but every dollar he possessed or could command through the resources of his credit, or the influences of friendship, was uncalculatingly cast into that seething caldron of experiment, which was allowed to know no repose. The very bed on which his wife slept, and the linen that covered his table, were seized and sold to pay his board, and we see him with his stricken household following in the funeral of his child on foot, because he had no means with which to hire a carriage. His family had to endure privations almost surpassing belief, being frequently without an article of food in their house, or fuel in the coldest weather—and, indeed, it is said that they could not have lived through the winter of 1839, but for kind offices of a few charitable friends. They are represented as gathering sticks in the woods and on the edges of the highways, with which to cook their meals, and digging the potatoes of their little garden before they were half grown, while one of his hungry children, in a spirit worthy of his father, is heard expressing his thanks that this much had been spared to them.

We often find him arrested and incarcerated in the debtor's prison, but even amid its gloom his vision of the future never grew dim, his faith in his ultimate triumph never faltered. Undismayed by discomfitures and sorrows which might well have broken the stoutest spirit, his language everywhere, and under all circumstances, was that of encouragement and of a profound conviction of final success. Not only in the United States did he thus exert himself to establish and apply to every possible use his invention, but in England, France, and other countries of Europe, he zealously pursued the same career. In 1855 he appeared at the World's Fair, in Paris, and the golden medal and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor were awarded to him as the representative of his country's inventive genius. Fortune, however, while thus caressing him with one hand, was at the same time smiting him with the other; for we learn from the testimony that these brilliant memorials passed from the Emperor and reached their honored recipient, then the occupant of a debtor's prison among strangers and in a foreign land, thus adding another to that long sad catalogue of public benefactors who have stood neglected and impoverished in the midst of the waving harvest of blessing they had bestowed upon their race.

Everybody must have altered very much in a short time; only a few years since, Gen. Jack on, being seated between two ladies, said he felt like a thorn surrounded by roses. J. B. said, a few days ago, while riding in an omnibus, and being seated between two ladies, he felt like a slave in a hogshead of molasses, surrounded by hoops.

A witness was asked if the defendant "stood on the defensive." "No he stood on a bench and fit like the dikens."

THE TIMES.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Dec. 11th, 1858.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } **EDITORS.**

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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To Our Patrons.

The next number will be the last for 1858, and all who intend following us through another year would do well to send in immediately, so as not to loose the connection. We are very loth to erase any sub. from our book, because we have become so familiar with your names that you seem like *personal friends*. We trust you will all renew your subscriptions and also send us the names of the Williams and Sarahs who are borrowing your paper so much that it annoys you. Our club rates are very low, and if they are not willing to subscribe they ought to be *ashamed* to borrow. You dislike to lend your paper, but for fear of insulting a friend you do it; and very often when you desire it most, your paper is over at John's.

We will present you something nice, and no mistake, but as the Senior is absent buying press, type, &c., we can not tell precisely what it will be. We have several good Stories on hand now, and intend to purchase more;—in fact, we will make the *Times* just what it should be if you will do *your* duty. Will not each subscriber send us two, five, ten, or twenty new ones and get his copy free? We'll see! You need not think, however, that we will not publish the paper unless you do; *we* are going ahead certain, and would prefer to have you accompany us, yet if you are not "on board" when the "whistle" of Time sounds for the new year, 1859, you will be behind the *Times*.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for January, 1859, is on our table, and we really *think* it is a *little* ahead of itself, and we *know* it is a great deal ahead of all other lady's magazines in this country. It contains "three steel engravings, one of them colored; sixty engravings; fifty-eight articles, 100 pages of reading; and 11 full length pictures of fashions," an original piece of music, by J. Starr Holloway, &c. This is not half, but is quite sufficient to induce every lady to see the book; yet we hope they will subscribe and not be troubled by having to borrow. We will send the *Times* and *Lady's Book* for $4.

THE VA. DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, after a three days' meeting in Petersburg, adjourned on Saturday last. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction at first, but finally quited down, and nominated Hon. John Letcher for Governor, and John Randolph Tucker for Attorney General.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE:—This Institution is located in the pleasant village of Madison, and was established by the Baptist Beulah Association. We learn from the Annual Circular that it "went into operation in July, 1857, and that during the 1st term there were 23 pupils, the 2nd 46 and the present 64." It seems from this that the well-qualified Principal, Rev. L. H. SHUCK, is fully appreciated and bids fair to build up the school.

DEATH OF JUDGE NASH.—The Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, died at his residence in Hillsboro' on Saturday last, the 4th inst. He was 77 years old, and had been on the bench in North Carolina for a number of years past.

THE WAR COMMENCED:—The Eastern papers have opened their fire upon the Danville and Greensboro connexion, and from the way they oppose it, must think *it all* remains with them to say what the West needs, and what it shall have. We can see no good that will arise from the discussion; for the members composing the legislative body *know*, or at least ought to, what they were sent there for, and we have confidence to believe that they will do their duty, regardless of the whinings of the selfish.

VIRGINIA M. E. CONFERENCE.—This body has appointed L. M. Lee, J. D. Coulling, Paul Whitehead, D. P. Wills and J. E. Edwards, clerical members of the Book and Tract Depository. The lay members elect are J. D. Morton, D. Paul, Thos. Branch, R. H. Dibrell and Sam'l Putney.

The Mail Facilities.

Now, when the mails are carried with such rapidity in almost every neighborhood in the Union, it may not be uninteresting to recur to Ancient History to find where the system first originated, and also to show what is done in that line in this country at the present date.

We find that the invention of posts and couriers was ascribed to Cyrus; nor, do we find any mention made of such an establishment before him. As the Persian empire, after his last conquest, was of a vast extent, Cyrus required that all his governors of provinces, and the chief commanders of his troops, should write to him, and give an exact account of everything that passed in their respective districts and armies; in order to render that correspondence the more sure and expeditious, and to enable himself to receive speedy intelligence of all occurrences and affairs, and to send his orders thereupon with expedition, he caused post-houses to be built and messengers appointed in every province. Having computed how far a good horse could travel in a day with a brisk rider, and not be injured, he had stables built in proportion, at equal distance from each other, and had them furnished with horses and grooms to take care of them. At each of these places he likewise appointed a post-master to receive the packets from the couriers as they arrived, and give them to others; and take the horses that had performed their task and find fresh ones. Thus the post went continually, day and night, with extraordinary speed; nor did either rain or snow, heat or cold, or any inclemency of the season, interrupt its progress.

The superintendency of the posts became a considerable employment. Darius, the last of the Persian kings, had it before he came to the crown. Xenophon takes notice that this establishment subsisted still in his time; which perfectly agrees with what is related in the Book of Esther, concerning the edict published by Ahasuerus in favor of the Jews; which edict was carried through that vast empire with a rapidity that would have been impossible, without these posts erected by Cyrus.

It is a matter of surprise that where this invention was put into execution, it was not farther improved, and that the use of it was confined only to affairs of State, without considering the many advantages the public might have reaped from it, by facilitating a mutual correspondence; as well as the business of merchants and tradesmen of all kinds; by forwarding the affairs of private persons; the despatch of journeys which required haste; the easy communication between families, cities, and provinces; and by the safety and convenience of remitting money from one country to another. It is well known what difficulties people at a distance then had, and for many ages afterwards, to communicate any news, or treat of any affairs together; being obliged either to send a servant on purpose, which would not be done without great expense and loss of time; or to wait for the departure of some other person, that was going into that country or province; which method was liable to numerous disappointments, accidents and delays.

Such was the state of things in olden times; and if we come down a little near our day, we find that France was indebted to the University of Parish for their establishment in that country. The University of Parish, at that time the only school of importance, and having great numbers of scholars resorting to her from all parts of country round about, established for their own convenience messengers, whose business it was to bring clothes and money for the students; as well as to convey bags of law proceedings, &c., and to conduct persons to or from Parish, finding them both horses and diet. They, also, carried letters and packets for the public.

The University maintained them for a number of years, until in 1576, when Henry III. appointed others in the same cities that the University had theirs.

The postal system continued to increase every year, and now stands as one of the greatest blessings we have upon earth. There is no civilized country where our letters cannot go, and from which we do not receive communication through some means or other. We will conclude, however, by giving a few facts connected with our arrangements—about 2500 years since the first post-office was established. We find upon reference to the statistics, that there were in the United States, for the year ending June 30, 1857—27,148 post-offices; mail routes, 7,888; aggregate length, 242,601 miles; annual transportation, 74,906,067 miles; of which 24,267,944 miles are by railroads. The expenditures of the Department are $11,508,057; receips, $7,353,951; at a clear loss to the government of $4,144,106.

☞ The Moulton, Ala., *Democrat*, after reading the *Times* for a year or more, says:

"The Weekly *Times*, published at Greensboro, N. C., comes regularly to hand. It is the cheapest, neatest and best family newspaper we are acquainted with, and we most cordially recommend it to Southern families in want of such a paper."

☞ The total amount in the several depositories subject to the draft of the Treasurer of the United States on the 22nd of November, was $6,059,824 28.

Of this amount $6,458 86 was at the depository in Wilmington, and $32,000 00 at the branch mint at Charlotte, N. C.

The Superintendent of Common Schools.

We record with great pleasure the re election of our townsman and friend, Mr. Wiley, to this important office. Independent of the gratification which we personally derive from the renewal of his appointment, we see in this fact a favorable "sign of the times." And this, chiefly, in three particulars, viz. the exclusion of this office from the scramble of political partizanship; the reward it confers on faithful service; and the indication it furnished of a probable permanence in our Common School system.

The principle of rotation in office is one that we consider well settled in N. Carolina. We hardly allow any man to remain long enough in any high station, to give us the fullest measure of service. We keep him there till he has gained so much experience as may render him really useful, and then neglect to avail ourselves of the wisdom and tact and skill that his experience has gained; or rather throw aside him whom we know to be trained and fit, to make room for an untried man, who has only promise to set off against another's sure performance. In regard to offices purely political, something may be said in favor of frequent change; but the most of these arguments are simply fallacies, and our practice far outruns the force and bearing of our pretended argument. But in respect to an office such as this, there should be no removal but for incompetency, never to make a place for a hungry competitor; and a resignation, by an incumbent, who has shewn himself able and faithful, is always to be regretted, and if possible, avoided.

So far as this re-election can be considered a reward for services already rendered, we are sure that Mr. Wiley has thoroughly deserved it. That he has been painstaking and laborious in no ordinary degree, every one who has noticed the manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office, can have failed to perceive. That he has gone through them all with a most conscientious impartiality and fidelity to the great interests of this Commonwealth, no one who knows him, can doubt for a moment. He may, sometime, have erred in judgment: here and there a wiser course may be pointed out than the one he selected: but of the honesty of his intentions, of his pure sympathy with the great cause entrusts to him, of the sincere uprightness of his administration in every part of it, there is nowhere a doubt. He was chosen to do a great work: to bring order out of chaos: to introduce among us the best possible system of public instruction,—not the best abstractly, if there be such a thing; but—the best in our circumstance. He was required to learn every method that had worked well elsewhere, and to adjust such methods to our peculiar conditions and wants. And he has done this, with a cautious discretion and earnest energy, that have brought into use among us, a scheme which meets well our needs, and which we need not be ashamed of in comparison with any other. To select such a system, to modify it to our case, to reconcile the jarring interests touched by it, to rouse the sluggish indifference of Legislatures, and infuse life into the apathy of the public, to at once settle principles and attend to details, to create, and fashion, and guide this transcendant interest of our State and people, has been a work which deserves more than the acknowledgment of a re-election.

Surely such a system, involving so much, and so matured and cared for, should be permanent. Changes must be made with great caution and foresight. And we congratulate the country on the fact that our Legislature have kept this vast machine in hands so competent, and have testified their purpose to make it permanent by retaining at the head of it so faithful a public servant as Mr. Wiley.

To Borrowers.

You did not expect to be addressed thus, yet, the love we have for you constrains us to tell you the truth. You little dream of the many hard things which are said about you by the friend (?) whose paper you are now reading. He thinks you are as able to take the paper as he is, and he says he knows you read it as regular, and if it was not for your pusillanimousness, you would subscribe. This is the way they talk—we have heard them, and it mortifies us much, for we *know* if they would only hint such a thing, you would have a paper of your own. Wouldn't you?

Take our word for it, they treat you shamefully behind your back! If there was no remedy it would be a bad case; but you can show them you are not dependent upon them, and you ought to do it. Make us up a club right off, and, thereby, give them to understand that they can't backbite you about the trifling sum of $2.

☞ The *Live Giraffe* will be suspended until the 1st of January, in order, the publisher states, "to give time to move our office to another building, dispose of our old type and get new, and to secure a power press with which we can be the better enabled to do good work for our patrons."

And remarks farther, that "we are not going to quit the printing business, but, on the contrary, are going more largely into it, but we will not continue the *Giraffe* unless its friends pay up more punctually than they have done."

METHODIST LAYMEN.—A paper called the Layman's Advocate, has been started in New York city, to advocate a change in the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whereby laymen will be constitutionally admitted, on equal right with clergymen, to its legislative and judicial bodies.

Letters from our Senior.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29th, 1858.

Dear James:—I have time to write you but a "line this morning, to make good my promise to write." It is one of my rules of life never to break a promise. Therefore I write, though it be simply to announce my safe arrival in the Quaker city.

I left you Friday morning, and had a pleasant trip, as far as possible for one who had always been accustomed to pleasant company but was *now* traveling alone. I took breakfast at the Company Shops of the North Carolina Railroad. This House has just been opened by Miss Hillaird, formerly of Chapel Hill and well known throughout all the Southern States, as the keeper of the best table the market can afford. We noticed several gentlemen in attendance on Alamance Court, giving Miss Hillaird the preference over the Graham Hotels by a difference of two miles' walk.

Connections on the Express line by way of Weldon, Raleigh and Greensboro, are much closer than when I formerly passed over the road; so that this line makes the same time in going South, as the old route by way of Wilmington.

Having had but little sleep the night before leaving home, I took the Seaboard road at Weldon for the Bay-Line. It makes a close connection at Portsmouth, and I, therefore, had no time to look in upon the Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church, South, which is in session in that place. The Steamer Louisiana is a most magnificent vessel; a perfect palace. After leaving the rattling and jolting of the cars, a ride on the Bay-Line is perfectly delightful. How sweet to the wearied traveler is a night's rest in one of her State rooms. It matters not how hard the storm may rage without, it can but give a gentle rocking to the steamer, which only adds weight to the slumbering eyelids.

The head wind was extremely strong upon the Louisiana, in consequence of which she missed her connection at Baltimore by two hours. This gave me an additional two hours for a stroll over the city. Having read the previous night on the steamer of "Manufacturer's and Mechanic's Exchange," the stranger's home, I hired a carriage at the landing and was soon seated by a warm fire, perfectly "at home," with hundreds of papers from every state in the union. Mr. Phenix, the proprietor, was very accommodating, and deserves many thanks from strangers for his attention. But of this more anon.

After rambling considerably over the city, we left on the 11 o'clock train for Philadelphia, and arrived here about 4 o'clock. Of this place, however, I have not time now to speak; further than to say snow and rain, with an admixture of cold wind strikes rather uncomfortably, upon a Southerner. I shall remain here several days before going farther North. Meeting with a number of Medical Students from North Carolina, I am being "put through" the city finely. My love to dear *Times* and all its readers.

Yours Truly,
C. C. C.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4th 1858.

Dear James:—I wrote you a very hasty sketch from Philadelphia on Monday, hoping for more favorable circumstances at another time to give you a letter in fuller detail. But "Hope," what a flattering tale she can tell, which the future will never develope. To-day I am less prepared than on Monday, even for any letter at all. In fact, to leave out of the question, a sympathising mind with a jaded body, from running to and fro for several days through those hurrying streets, who could write a letter amidst so much gloom overhead, as to require gas light at mid-day?

But I suppose you have nothing to do with such speculations, and doubtless think I might say my say, before I commence. Then to begin where I left off in my former letter, I must go back to the snowy Sabbath morning in Philadelphia. And what a dismal sloppy day it was! But nothing daunted by the weather, all the churches were full, with equal ratio of male and female. There is nothing like it in our Southern villages; a little rain or a little snow, and even sometimes a little cloud, will make a church look as lonely as a bachelor's cell. But the ladies about Philadelphia and New York have a slight-of-hand tack, by which they can so arrange there finery as to defy the *agility* of splattering mud and water.—Displacing their rubbers on entering a church or parlor, you would not suppose they had placed foot in a street in twenty-four hours. I cannot, however, at this time, go any further with the minutia of the slight-of-hand movement.—Parties interested had better come and see for themselves.

I heard three very interesting sermons on the Sabbath; one by a Presbyterian, one by an independent (Dr. Chambers,) and one by a Methodist. The last named was at night. The divine is quite a young man, but is creating quite a stir with his oratorical powers. There is progressing at his church a powerful revival. The church is very large and crowded every night. The altar is constantly full, though conversions are almost by the score every night.

To strangers visiting the city, a very pleasant place of resort, is the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.—Here can be found in large numbers interesting books and papers, besides gentlemen who will be the stranger's friend. It is the centre of trade, and business men wishing a short time of quiet rest can find the Hall conveninent at all hours. It is made especially agreeable to the Medical Students, who number about 1000.—For them is held in one of the rooms a daily prayer meeting, besides Bible classes on the Sabbath. Among the Students, I meet with a number of acquaintances from the South. And speaking of acquaintances, reminds me of the unexpected meeting with our young townsman, Edward Dick, Assistant Engineer on one of the vessels detailed for the Paraguay expedition. He expected to sail on Wednesday, together with several other vessels in New York. There has been an unaccountable tardiness in the Government in forwarding some of the vessels. I doubt if ever they make a concentration. And I really doubt if some of the vessels I saw, ever reach Paraguay. They are scarcely better than little coasting fishing vessels. However, I do not set up claims to the post of general critic on Governmental affairs. The Cabinet is an honorable body, full of wisdom, and can see the use for all these things, if I cannot.

Tuesday night I came over to New York. Here I have been busily engaged for three days, and can scarcely name anything I have done or seen, there is so much left unseen. It was my intention to have left to-day, but I find it impossible; and hence I have written you this letter. Will leave early next week, but may write you another letter, as I intend stopping in Washington.

At this time the great excitement in New York is the city election to take place next Tuesday for Comptroller and Commissioners for the Public Schools. I believe there are four tickets: The Tamany (Administration) Democrat; the Anti-Tamany; the American, and the Republican. It is hard to tell their party principles, beyond the spoils. There seems to be only one point at issue, and strange as it may seem, all four of the parties stand on identically the same platform, as far as I can learn from the daily papers. But anything to carry favor with the populace. I hope to be able to condense more into my next letter, and until then, good bye. C. C. C.

The Grand Division S. of T.

The Annual Meeting of this body convened in the Hall of Greensboro Division on Tuesday evening 30 ult, at 7 o'clock, and was called to order by the G. W. P. A large number of Representatives were in attendance. Among the distinguished members of the Order present was B. D. Townsend, Esq., of Bennettville, S. C., Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division of North America.

The following are the Officers for the ensuing year:

Rev. A. W. Cummings, D. D., Asheville, G. W. P.
James Sloan, Greensboro, G. W. A.
A. M. Gorman, Raleigh, G. S.
W. K. Martin, Franklin county, G. Tr.
Rev. P Doub, D. D., N. C. Con., G. Chap.
D. N. Sherwood, Greensboro, G Con.
Chas. Overman, Charlotte. G. Sentinel.

The Grand Division adjourned on Wednesday evening.

The semi annual session for 1859, is to be held at White Hall, in Mecklenburg, on the 2d Wednesday in July; and the annual session at Raleigh, on the 1st Wednesday in December.

PRIVATE CORNER.

MARCUS: It would be a great deal more labor to have sixteen pages. We think you will like the eight page form. We appreciate your remarks about Phonography, but merely alluded to the inconvenience of *only our* knowing it, when all our hands—which are ever changing—did not understand it. An article on the subject, however, would be read with interest, if you will write it without the Phœnetics. "Fuzzle" and and "The Goose Question, Again" will receive an early attention. *If you* would only write one side of the paper we would like it better.....INA CLAYTON: "Things I wouldn't do," are just to hand, and we hope may be a benefit to *some*. We are always glad to hear from you.....MATILDA: You need not fear that we or our readers are "getting tired" of your poems. There is too much feeling and poetry about them for one to ever grow weary of reading them. "City Cousins" received. Accidents always overlooked. You will see how we have disposed of that other matter.....IRA: "The old Iron Ladle" is a very good parody, will receive its deserts soon.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.—A letter from Washington, to the Baltimore American, says:

The Postmaster General will recommend a plan for sending small sums of money in the mails by drafts of the Department, upon the basis of that now so successful and popular in England. The returns to the dead letter office show that large amounts are annually misdirected, from the want of some system which would be accessible to the classes who are ignorant of the modes of ordinary transmission. The introduction of some scheme of this sort has been long needed, and almost any steps in that direction would be received with favor as a beginning.

☞ We invite attention to advertisement of A. Morris, in another column.—The readers of the *Times* have read too much of MATILDA'S sweet poetry to require any commendation from us.

CAN AFRICANS EMIGRATE TO THE UNITED STATES.—A correspondent in the Charleston *Courier* propounds the following query:

"Is there any law or any treaty to prevent it? Colored men taken by force on the African coast I suppose to be illegal, but if a parcel of colored men choose to signify to me their desire to visit the American continent, have they not the right to do so? The North says black men are free, hence have a right to go where they choose. Then, I ask, have I not a right, without any infringement on existing treaties, to import or bring over at a fair remuneration, any quantity of Africans who desire to visit this country?"

They *might* be permitted to "*visit* this country," but we do not think the law of North-Carolina, against *free negroes* moving to the State, would allow them to become residents. There is a scheme here and the higher authorities should answer this question plainly.

THE IREDELL EXPRESS has been considerably enlarged and improved, and we hope will be ably sustained. Terms $2 in advance. Address E. B. Drake, Statesville, N. C.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, the authoress, furnished fifty poor families with turkeys or fowls, and pumpkin pies, of the best quality, too, for a thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. G. H. Miles, author of Mahomet, a prize play written for Mr. Forrest, has produced a new drama, which is to be put on the Baltimore stage.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University.

A Murrell Gang Passing as Gypsies.

We are informed that on Saturday last, says the Savannah *Republican*, a party of men and women calling themselves gypsies, were encamped in the suburbs of Sandersville. Sallying forth they found means to ascertain family residences, where the male members were absent, for the purpose of fortune-telling. A woman of this party entered the residence of Mrs. Langsmead, who, with a young lady, was alone, and insisted on telling their fortune. After which, she noticed a fine ring on Mrs. L's finger, and demanded it. Mrs. L. becoming frightened gave it to her. Turning to the young lady she ordered her to take off her shawl and hand it over, which was also done. Her rapacity was not yet satisfied. Mrs. L. was forced to go and get her best bonnet and a coat, belonging to her husband, for the wretch. Money was then demanded from the young lady, and a dollar obtained. "Now," said the gypsie to Mrs. L. "I want some from you, and more than a dollar too." In her trepidation, and wishing to get clear of the woman, she gave her ten dollars. Similar outrages were committed upon other dwellings by the rest of the miscreants; and what would seem to make the above statement almost incredible they were suffered to remain encamped until the next day and depart unmolested. Look out for them.

They are too mean to let pass through any State, whether they steal or not; and we are pleased to see a bill introduced in our Legislature to keep them out of this State.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Some of the immortal promoters and inventors wet-nurses of the spinal cord of creation, are receiving hard measure now from the Press; particularly Mr. Cyrus Field But Cyrus Field can afford to laugh at all this—he blew the bubble until he got a good price for his stock. Says the Baltimore *Sun*:

Now let us inquire who holds the depreciated stock? The credulous believers in cable signals. Mr. Field has retired from the concern. The stock has a nominal quotation of two hundred pounds.—The offices at Trinity and Valentia are vacated, and the cable is abandoned to the unsympathizing waves.

A KING FOR CUBA.—The Washington *States* learns from a friend, almost direct from the court of Madrid, and whose fine attainments and high social position enables him to approach the highest personages in the Spanish court, that France has taken up Cuban independence, and with England, is proposing to erect Cuba and Porto Rico into a semi-independent monarchy, on paying a "renta" from that Island. This "renta" is to represent the interest on a national debt, to be assumed by the new monarchy in consideration of her independence, the debt and "renta" to be assured by France and England as a bond of non annexation of Cuba to the United States.

SUICIDE OF A LITERARY MAN.—Edwin Dickens, a relative of the great novelist, committed suicide in New York, at the Astor House, Friday night, by taking cyanide potassium. He has been connected with newspapers in Australia, and also as a writer and theatrical critic in the London papers. Poverty was the cause of the deed.

WILD PEOPLE.—In Lancaster, La., a thing like a man, but hairy as a bear, has been seen frequently by the people. It is very wild and strong. It was seen in a cow-pen, sucking the cows, and when discovered it started as if about to fight, then turned and fled, bounding like a deer. It walks upright, and is supposed to be a wild man.

DEATH FROM SKINNING A SQUIRL.—The Worcester *Herald* says: "A few days ago, at Bewdley, a child about nine years of age, named Michael Holder, was amusing himself with cutting up a dead squirrel that was in a putrid state, when the virus in the flesh inoculated his system through a slight wound on his finger, or a wart upon the hand. So active was the poison that it baffled the best medical advice, and after lingering in great agony for many days death terminated his sufferings."

NARROW ESCAPE OF BEING BURIED ALIVE.—A sensation has been caused at Nuneaton, Warwickshire, in consequence of a young woman of that place having come to life after her apparent death.—Preparations were made for "laying her out," the bell tolled, and the shutters were closed; but in a few hours after her supposed death she became warm, and ultimately convalescent. She states that during the time she was in the trance she could distinctly hear the conversation of those near her.

MARINE LOSSES FOR NOVEMBER.—A list of marine losses for the past month shows an aggregate of forty-one vessels, of which seven were ships, one a bark, ten were brigs, and twenty-three schooners. The total value of property lost was six hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred dollars. This is the value of the property totally lost, exclusive of damage to vessels not amounting to a total loss and of partial losses of cargo. The losses for the last eleven months have been 390 vessels, valued at $8,045,391, against 525 vessels, valued at $16,250,800, during the same time last year.

A NEW BUSINESS.—We see it stated in the New York papers that a company is forming, in that city, which is favorably regarded by the capitalists, for the manufacture of steel by a new and patented process. The "News" says: "The consumption of steel made articles is ever extending, and the new mode invented of treating and using steel at a reduction of cost, insures success. The articles, such as railroad car wheels, axles, locomotive tires, bells, all made of cast steel, without a flaw, at a bare trifle over the cost of similar articles made of common cast iron.—The steel is made by a new and perfect process. It has not to be hammered and is melted at once. The manufacture of steel articles will thus be secured to our own country and the heavy importation of inferior articles will thus be dispensed with as securing the best articles at reduced prices secures this. A large subscription has already been made."

Dry Goods Imports for November.

The dry goods imports for the month of November show about the same figures as for the same month last year; but in that month the amount put upon the market was very small, smaller than perhaps ever before in the month of November. It was a month of great depression. Of $4,454,000 worth of goods that entered the port only $823,580 was sold, the balance accumulated in bond. It is usually the case that the imports in November exceeds the sales. This was the case in 1856, when of $4,433,000 imported but $3,961,000 were put on the market. This year however is an exception since the sales have exceeded the imports by nearly $60,000. The supply of silks, although more than last year, are less by $500,000 than the value received for the month of November, 1857. The wool receipts are also less, and the diminution of supplies applies more to Germany than either to France or England. The disposition to import largely receives no encouragement from the state of internal business, and the leading houses whose business was generally undisturbed by the "purterbation" of last year will move but cautiously for the spring trade. The depressions which goods underwent here, as compared with the prices abroad, did not encourage either orders or consignments, and under the impulse of rising materials and demand for goods abroad in view of the better harvests, the markets there for goods rise faster than they do or likely to do here. The demand in the United States must be so effective as to cause an advance in prices on very favorable sums for sellers to produce a very active movement.—*U. S. E. & Dry Goods Reporter.*

Explosion of a Metallic Coffin.

A few years have served to bring into extensive use for burial purposes the now common metalic cases or coffins, especially whenever it is desirable or necessary to delay the interment. When first introduced it was the practice to exhaust the air in these cases after the body had been put in, to secure them fully it was said, against change by contact with the atmosphere. For various reasons this practice has fallen into disuse, the only precautions now taken being to completely cool the remains before sealing up the case. From some neglect in this latter respect a circumstance took place not long ago, which originated here, is worth relating. The case containing an adult, who had suddenly deceased while apparently in good health, was sealed up to be sent for interment to a neighboring state.

The conveyance for half a day's ride was by rail road, and then by wagon for thirty miles. The day was warm and the road rough, and much motion was doubtless given to the remains. The persons in charge stopped for a brief rest at a tavern, and were in the house when they, as well as all in the vicinity, were startled by a very loud report, and it was found that the burial case had, by a rapid generation of gas, exploded with violence, entirely blowing out the heavy French glass face plate, which it shattered into a thousand pieces.—Nothing could be done but to seek a hasty interment in the vicinity, and await the coming of cold weather to allow the removal of the remains to their destined place of of burial.—*Chicago Press.*

University.

The Trustees of the University held their annual meeting at the Executive Office on Wednesday evening last.

Gov. Manly, the Treasurer of the Board, submitted his Annual Report, setting forth in detail not only a minute account of the receipts and disbursements of the preceeding year, but also a full and very satisfactory statement of the fiscal department in general, and of the means and funds of the Institution.

We were pleased to learn from his report, that under the liberal provision of the Trustees, allowing indigent young men to be admitted to all the privileges of the College free of expense, twenty-two had enjoyed this privilege during the past year.

After transacting the ordinary business of the first meeting, the Board adjourned, subject to the call of the President at an early day.

There are eleven vacancies in the Board of Trustees to be filled by the present General Assembly.—*Raleigh Standard.*

LOTTERIES.—Sergeant Bermey has just returned from a Southern tour, where he has been making arrangements to break up the lottery business. He has visited the governors and authorities in states where the institutions exist, who, without exception, have pledged a hearty co-operation in putting an end to the system. There are now twenty lotteries in the United States, fifteen of which are in the State of Maryland, and expire by their charter in April next.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

CLOUDS OF BUTTERFLIES.—We were recently informed by a gentleman from the Western part of the State, that during the month of August, at Reedy Patch Gap, a cloud of Butterflies passed over that section for eleven days continuously. As he expressed it, "there were considerably more than ninety thousand millions," causing many of the settlers of that region to imagine that the last day had come.—*Western Democrat.*

AN ALABAMA BOOK.—Mrs. R. M. Ruffin, of Uniontown, has written a book entitled Fireside Sketches. The book has been published by Dennis Dykus, Marion, Ala., the proprietor of the Commonwealth newspaper. We have the authority of the editor of the Uniontown Herald and of a writer in the Commonwealth, for saying that it is a little volume possessing considerable merit. We call the attention of our enterprising booksellers to the new home-made book.—*Mobile Mercury.*

DEATH OF ISAAC NEWTON.—Mr. Isaac Newton, whose name has been long associated with the enterprises of Hudson River navigation, died at his residence in New York on Monday evening, at the age of 65. Mr. Newton was a native of Schodack, Tensselaer county; witnessed the first trip of Fulton's first steamboat in 1807, when but thirteen years old; gave his attention early in life to the project of steam navigation, and in 1840 became Superintendent of the celebrated "People's line" of North River steamers. Several of the largest vessels on the line were constructed under his immediate supervision.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6th, 1858.

The beginning of the Session—The Message—The "Southern Citizen."—Nomination of Mr. Letcher—Action of the Indiana Legislature in regard to their Senators—Diplomatic Dinner.

This is the first morning of the three months Session. All the M. C's. with few exceptions are here; but a much larger proportion of the Senators will be found absent at the roll call. The southern tour of Senator Douglas, occurring at this critical moment is a source of much remark. His friends say that he will not make his appearance in the Senate until the question of his re-election shall have been decided; and this delay on his part is attributed by his political opponents to a desire to shun the cross-questioning to which he would inevitably be subjected at the hands of his fellow-Senators, in regard to the views he has expressed during the late canvass in Illinois. Little will be done to day in either House, except perfecting their organization and reading the Message of the President. This document received its finishing touches and was delivered to the hands of the Printer last Tuesday. The reports of the Cabinet Officers are also in type. Special agents of the Post Office Department have been leaving this city for the last three days charged with advance copies of the Message in order that at the earliest announcement by Telegraph of the reading having commenced in the Halls of Congress, the Post Masters at various points, may deliver them to the local Press. Before this letter is fairly on its way, the newsboys will be crying the Message in our streets; in my next I shall give a summary of the leading views expressed in that document, which, in its extended form will probably be too lengthy for publication in the "Times."

The "Southern Citizen," a paper edited by John Mitchell, and hitherto published at Knoxville, Tenn., has been removed to this city, and made its first appearance on Saturday last. It is a large, well-edited, and neatly-printed sheet, and will no doubt speedily attain an extended circulation.

As a matter of interest to the southern readers of the "Times," I extract that portion of the "Citizen's" salutatory article, in which Mr. Mitchell defines the views which he intends to espouse in his paper. He says:

"We devote it to the support of the southern cause, the southern cause in that form which our enemies call extreme, *ultra*, aggressive, &c., and to save trouble, and let our readers see our whole hand at once, what we require on the part of the South is—

First. Repeal of all laws prohibiting the foreign slave trade, or imposing penalties thereon.

Second. Repeal of the law abolishing the slave trade, in the District of Columbia.

Third. Absolute resistance to everything in the nature of a *Compromise* between North and South.

Fourth. Peremptory demand for the intervention of Congress, President and Supreme Court *for* slavery in all Territories, the moment a slave holder brings his slaves there; in other words, intervention by the authorities to sustain the law and prevent robbery.

These four items include all. Up to a certain date—say till the——day of——186—we are willing to labor for their attainment. If southerners arouse themselves they can attain them all, or else dissolve the Union."

However entertaining the "Southern Citizen" may prove as a newspaper, I doubt if, in this latitude of the Union its extreme doctrines will find many disciples. People have not yet lost all veneration for that Union, left us by our grandsires, and which the wise and Great have declared to be the inseparable companion of our Liberty. The Northern Abolitionist may rave, and the Southern firecater may threaten, but there is still in the bosoms of the masses a well-spring of popular devotion to our united country, that will for no light consideration suffer the glorious confederacy to be rent asunder by the ruthless hand of the Disunionist.

The Telegraph has informed us of the nomination of Mr. Letcher, for the post of Governor of Virginia. The readiness with which even his bitterest opponents in the nominating convention acquiesced in the choice of the majority, and promised their hearty support and co-operation in the canvass, is regarded with great satisfaction by Democrats here.

The late action of the Indiana Legislature in declaring the election of their U. S. Senators illegal, is generally looked upon here as a capital farce. Apart from the question of the legality or illegality of the vote by which they were re-elected, the exclusive jurisdiction of the U. S. Senate in regard to any informality in the choice of its members is a point too plainly settled by the Constitution to permit a moment's discussion. Under these circumstances the resolutions of the State legislature will pass unnoticed, as a weak and impotent ebullition of party spleen.

On Saturday evening last the members of the diplomatic corps with the Secretary of the State, dined with the President at the executive mansion. This was a brilliant entertainment, worthy the venerable host and distinguished guests. Q.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN.—We have already received the annual messages of the Governors of Vermont, Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas, and North Carolina, and not a word can we find in either of them in relation to the affairs of the General Government or the question of slavery, with the single exception of that of the Governor of North Carolina, who, in transmitting some "down East" abolition resolutions, says that it isn't worth while for the Legislature to take any notice of them, in which he is quite right. We should like to know, however, what is going to happen when Northern and Southern Governors are begining to attend to their local affairs, leaving the General Government to the care of the President and Congress. The millennium must be close at hand.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MOSE'S LETTERS.—This long looked-for and talked-of book is now in the hands of the binder, and will be ready for subscribers in a few days. Those who have not subscribed should send in their names, at once, as we shall not keep any on hand. Price, *fifty cents* for a single copy—five copies to one address, $2.—*Giraffe, Raleigh.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The new Southern novel, Vernon Grove—The Poe Holiday Volume—Portraits of Married Friends—Little's Living Age—Piney Woods Tavern—Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings—Diana de Poitiers—Miss Bremer's new Story—Isabella Orsini.

Southern people who lament over our imagined deficiency in Southern literature, and who exaggerate into an impossibility of achievement what is only apathy and a certain want of local pride, are directed to the new novel, *Vernon Grove*, "the best fiction ever written by an American lady" says the Literary Messenger, as an evidence of what the South is capable of accomplishing. The success of this delightful romance is marked and distinguished. The publishers, Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York, have already, within a month after its first issue, disposed of *four* large editions, *principally among northern readers*. We take pains to italicize this fact; it may awaken some suggestive and fruitful ideas in the right quarters. Here is a novel, pronounced by competent authority one of the best *ever written*, the work of a southern lady who is the daughter of a prominent southern authoress, (Mrs. Caroline H. Gilman,) and the beautiful embodiment of warm southern thought and fancy, yet left to seek its patrons away from home, while they who should be patrons grumble as though the opportunity had not been offered them. It is the old story of the prophet without honor in his own country. Again we urge upon our readers *Vernon Grove*.

The magnificent Illustrated Edition of *The Portical Works of Edgar Allen Poe*, published in a sumptuous octavo volume, by J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York; and Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, is now just in season, and should be carefully remembered by the thousands of generous hearts who are looking about for some holiday present wherewithal to make glad the heart of a remembered one. Than this book nothing could be more magnificent. The "Atlantic Monthly," always guarded in its criticisms, says enthusiastically, "In this volume it would seem that the arts connected with book-making have culminated; paper, typography, drawing and engraving are all admirable. There are no fewer than fifty-three engravings, all exquisitely finished. These are by Pickersgill, John Tenniel, Birket Foster, Cropsey, Felia Darley, Madot, and others. Much that Poe has written has become a part of the thought and memory of the present generation of readers, and will doubtless go to our children with equal claims. The lovers of fine editions of poetry will find this a gift book which the most fastidious taste will approve." It is rarely indeed that mechanical excellence in so many essentials are combined in one single volume. The artists seem to have caught the pathetic spirit of the poet in his every mood, and some of their illustrations are perfect gems. The volume is indeed the very gem of the gift-books for 1859, solidly beautiful, and worth treasuring.

An interesting volume, that has just passed to a new edition, is a handsome duodecimo, with illustrations, from the active press of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, and entitled *Portraits of my married friends*, or a Glimpse into Hymen's Kingdom. The author evidences his bias at the outset, but has nevertheless been eminently successful in his sketches, all of which are more or less entertaining and instructive. He is a spicy, spirited and intelligent writer, and some of his pieces are thrilling and lively enough for parlor theatricals. They border mostly on the dramatic and tragic, with here and there a touch of comedy and farce. It is beautifully got up, and is well worth a place on the parlor-table.

The 178th number of *Littell's Living Age*, (E. Littell, Son & Co., Boston,) for Saturday, December 4th., is an interesting instalment of this popular serial. It is embellished with a beautiful engraving, Death's Door, after a painting by Blake. The literary contents are a long and able review of Cardinal Wiseman's Last Four Popes; the second part of The Light on the Hearth, from Blackwood; and a continuation of the fine novel, Hanwort, from Frazer's Magazine; with a variety of short articles, poetry, etc. This sterling publication has been very rich of late in valuable articles. Since its enlargement to eighty large octavo pages weekly, it is enabled to include several lengthy pieces without excluding its usual miscellany. It gets the cream of all the periodical and newspaper literature of both continents, and varied and valuable indeed is its selection. We need not recommend it to those who have once become acquainted with it; but to those who are still strangers to its merits, we would say that in no other form can the same various, readable and entertaining miscellany be obtained near so cheaply. It binds up into *four large volumes*, of over a thousand pages each, every year—a perfect library of the most valuable information.

The Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, can boast that they publish *by far*, the best collection of soundly American humorous works ever issued by one house, and that these are one and all got up in excellent style, and sold at a very low price. The series numbers nearly half a hundred volumes, the last in which (until another follows it,) is *The Piney Woods Tavern*, a grotesque and very entertaining work. Though full of fun, it has, like all works of genuine humor, other characteristics. It takes many a shrewd dip into character, sets forth the varieties of cuteness and sharpness with wonderful truth, and shows up many remarkable social peculiarities of south-western life. The plot includes an excursion to join the army during the Texan War, and many interesting historical facts relating to that stirring event are given. The author Mr. S. A. Hammett, is well known from his Stray Yankee in Texas, and similar works. He is as much at home on Texan soil as Rob Roy on his native heather. The volume is a duodecimo, beautifully printed and bound.

Quite an impetus has been given of late again to the Sam Slick Works, so popular several years back. Besides new editions of several of the series, in Messrs. Peterson Brothers' Humorous Library, Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of New York, have just issued the noted *Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick*, the first in a series of three of the works which they intend to issue. Probably this is the most amusing and witty collection of the opinions, sayings and doings of the famous Sam that has been published. It gives the experiences of the Yankee clockmaker in his journeyings over the world, with his observations on men and things in general. The profound opinions of Jack Bunsby are not to be compared with those of Slick. The most intelligent reader may enjoy a hearty laugh over the volume.

The same publishers—Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, issue in two large octavo volumes, paper covers, a new historical Romance, translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas. *Diana de Poitiers* is an authoritative work. Unlike the Memoirs, the Mosquetaires, Le Chevalier d' Harmental, and even The Count of Monte Cristo, which are attributed for the most part to M. Maquet and other authors, the paternity of Diana is undoubted. And it is one of the best of Dumas' books, covering a period of history which has always been a favorite with him. It is as true to the time as the majority of historic fictions, and is far more captivating than most of them. These pictures of history by the Great French Wizard, are among the most gorgeous and effective ever given to the world. They are splendid panoramas of the eras they describe, in which the different figures and scenes move grandly before the reader to the close. The last half of the sixteenth century is the time of the action of *Diana*, and various celebrated personages are introduced, including the Duke de Guise, whose character has been so variously estimated by different writers. All lovers of the historic romance, should read *Diana*.

Frederika Bremer's new story, *The Four Sisters, a tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden*, is published in a handsome duodecimo volume, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and is meeting a sale not exceeded by any fiction of the year. The book is worthy its success. We know of no novel so inspired by all which can deeply interest the philanthropist and the one who studies the social defects of the age as this of *The Four Sisters*, by the favorite Swedish authoress. There is an infinite earnestness, an indescribable truthfulness in it, which contrasts with the insipid romances of most female authors as gold contrasts with lead. In it Miss Bremer has carefully analyzed the social wants of women, and vindicated their abilities. In Sweden the sex really seem to be oppressed.—A commentary on some of our own Harriet Martineau and Lucretia Mott sort of creatures, which they would do well to look into. The volume is certainly one of the best of the favorite authoress's, and that is saying a great deal.

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York—Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia—have published a second in their series of Italian stories by F. D. Guerazzi. Beatrice Cenci, translated by Luigi Monti, will be remembered by many of our readers, and *Isabella Orsini*, the new volume, will have equal claims on their remembrance. The story is one of the saddest and darkest in Italian history; the subject is a difficult one, too, from the peculiarity of its details, but Guerazzi has managed it so well that the objectionable features are not brought to the readers attention. There is of course more or less of jealousy, treachery, hate, infidelity, treason, poisoning and other varieties of assassination, etc., in the plot, the inseparable incidents of an Italian historical novel of the middle ages. It is written in a clear, good style; and Signor Monti has executed the translation with fidelity and taste.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Dec., 6th, 1858.

Doings in the Legislature—New Publications—Death of Judge Nash—Affairs at Chapel Hill—Public Treasurer—Clerk Circuit Court.

DEAR TIMES: The Legislature having disposed of all the offices at their disposal, and all, even to those of the doorkeepers, exclusively to their own partisans have turned their attention to matters of greater public concern. Many important bills have been introduced, some acted on so far as to be referred to appropriate committees, while others, on which their authors fondly built their hopes of future political importance, and which they had affectionately nursed into a darling of the imagination, have been summarily consigned to an early tomb, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Among those thus disposed of were the bills to abolish the property qualification of jurors, to light the Capitol with gas and sundry Railroad and Banking bills; the House have admitted the right of Mr. Moore, of Martin, to his seat, he being under age until Jan., and decided in favor of the holders of the contested seats, except in the case of Mr. Haywood, of Wake, wich comes up for decision this week. They have considered the "coalfield railroad" and the bill to establish the new county of Alleghany; while the Senate have passed the bill for the protection of wild fowls in Currituck, an important one to that section, second only to the famous Shanklin Bill for the benefit of Terrapins; considered several measures in regard to military matters, railroads and finance and killed Mr. Bledsoe's bill to repeal certain sections in the Revised Code, regulating the "Public Debt." Important moves have been made with a view to remove free negroes from the State and to place Jews on the same footing with the rest of our fellow-citizens; the Committee on the Judiciary have reported on this measure that it is not expedient, at present, to amend the Constitution. An influential citizen of the State has published a long and able address to the Legislature, giving his views on Finance, Revenue and General Policy, with an eye to their intelligent action on these important matters.

Last June Rev. Dr. Hooper delivered an address at Wake Forest on the value of Human Life, and especially the estimate at which it was held in this country. He took occasion to hit the railroads pretty hard, and especially did he rap the lawyers for their part and participation in the matter. These strictures have called out a pamphlet from "an advocate," in reply, in which some sharp things are said. It is the doctor's turn now, for it is not to be supposed that he will sit silent while his creations are thus knocked about his ears. The "advocate" is said to be a distinguished lawyer of Caswell, an ex-member of Congress, and already well known for the trenchant pen he wields, as well as for his wonderful eloquence in debate.

Hon. Chief Justice Nash died at his residence in Hillsboro, on Saturday last, in the 76th year of his age. He has been long and widely known for the exceeding purity and gentleness of his moral character, as well as for the great soundness of his judicial decisions; his loss will be severely felt not only by his immediate connections, but by the public at large and by all those who prided themselves upon the high character sustained by our Judiciary and upon the reliance every one felt in the justice of their decisions. By established rule Judge Pearson now becomes Chief Justice, he being oldest in commission and upon this Legislature devolves the duty of filling the vacancy. It is thought probable that W. B. Rodman, of Washington, will be chosen, but some have indulged their imaginations so far as to think that a Whig, that is, Gov. Graham, may be chosen. The Legislature may also pass the bill before them, erecting another Judicial Circuit, which will give another chance to the aspirants for the Ermine and the Woolsack. The Orange delegation and several of our citizens have gone up to Hillsboro to attend the funeral ceremonies which take place to-day, and the heavens are hung with darkest clouds, weeping most dreary tears, as if in sorrow for the death of so good and great a man.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis."

We were much gratified, Messrs. Editors, at the decided stand you have taken, and the nervous sentiments you have expressed in regard to the recent outrages at Chapel Hill; these excesses, if permitted to go on unchecked and unnoticed, will not only detract seriously from the character of the State, but will ultimately destroy the usefulness of the University; the Institution has had a hard struggle in years by-gone, and it is only recently that it has rapidly risen in public estimation and bid fair to spread its inestimable blessings through the length and breadth of the land. It behooves every citizen of the State by his example, his voice and countenance to do his utmost to sustain rightful authority and to put down misrule and disorder. It is too sad to think how early and how deeply many fine intellects, which might do honor to themselves, and their country is here doomed to lasting misery and ruin by the vile liquor vended to them. The two young men so badly wounded in the late affray are now pronounced out of danger; one who was stabbed through the lung, has made a marvelous escape with his life. On one day last week they had the sad incident, happily very rare, of two young men lying dead in the village at the same time, one a student, a son of H. O. Jones, Esq., of Rowan and Dr. Joel D. a son of Hon. W. H. Battle.

The Public Treasurer has already, in Bank of the Republic, N. Y., the funds to redeem the January Coupons of the State Bonds.

At the recent session of the Circuit Court, U. S., in this city, Judge Biggs presiding, Henry R. Bryan, Esq., a promising young lawyer, was appointed Clerk, vice Cantwell, resigned. Yours, &c.,

P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 30th, '58.

The Yellow Fever—Methodist Conference—Amusements—The Races—The Supposed Slaver, &c.

The dread agony of suspense is over; the Angel of Death has departed, and the great heart of the city beats free once more. The fever, which has indeed been a destroying angel to our city, has disappeared, but it has left its mark in many households. Many hearth-stones have been rendered desolate, been bereft of many earthly joys. In some families death has laid his unrelenting hand upon a fond father or mother; in others, upon a manly son or loving daughter; while in some he has claimed a greater number of victims. One family has laid in the grave two sons and a daughter. Upon every class has this affliction fallen; rich and poor, bond and free, old and young, all have succumbed to that fatal scourge of our Southern climate. Our slaves, usually considered exempt from this epidemic, have been amongst its victims. The disease among them did not extend to such a degree as to be considered epidemic, and I think that the victims were mostly unacclimated slaves, or such as were subject to undue exposure. Verily we have passed through a trying ordeal, from the like of which may Heaven long preserve us. But enough of this dismal subject, we once more breathe a pure atmosphere, and while we have health, let us enjoy it; thanking the Great Giver of all good for mercies vouchsafed in the midst of afflictions, and trusting to Him to grant us health and prosperity in the future.

The Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in S. C., meets in this city this week. The members will be distributed amongst the families of the church; they are expected to remain a week.

There is no lack of amusements in the city at present. Mr. Marchant, the lessee and manager of the Charleston theatre, opened the season on the 15th inst. with the drama of "The Sea of Ice." He has engaged the services of a large number of the most brilliant "Stars," (among whom is Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne,) with which to cater to the tastes of the theatre going part of the community. We have G. F. Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie performing here. The elephants Anthony and Cleopatra are said to be prodigies; they go through various performances, amongst which are dancing and standing on their heads. This exhibition is the especial delight of the juveniles and colored folk. For those who frequent neither theatre nor circus, Rumsey & Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels offer the opportunity of spending a pleasant evening. They perform at the Institute Hall

The annual races of the South Carolina Regatta Club, came off on Friday and Saturday last. The race on Friday was for second-class boats, carrying 10 oars, and was won by Mr. Bailey's *Annie Laurie*, in 5 minutes 7 seconds. The distance was 1 mile. This is the third race the *Annie Laurie* has won. The race on Saturday was for first-class boats (12 oars,) and was won by Mr. Bailey's Carolina in 4 minutes 50 seconds, being considerably the best time made by any boat in our waters. Distance 1 mile. The sail boat race on Friday has been declared drawn, in consequence of the boats being becalmed; another trial will be had to-day. The competitors are the sloops. Rosilie, 19 tons; Petrel 6 tons; Pride, 12 tons; Iron, 6 tons; Flirt, 6 tons.

The races this year were rather a failure, there having been but two row-boat matches, and only two competitors.

The crew of the supposed *slaver, Ketch Brothers*, have been lodge in jail; and the vessel and appurtenances adverti ed for sale by the U. S. Marshall. This vessel was formerly owned in this city, but was sold to parties in Cuba. I presume the crew will be tried before the U. S. District Court, now in session at Columbia.

Mr. Mazyck has introduced resolutions in the state-senate condemnatory of the interference of the United States with the slave-trade between foreign powers, and in denial of any constitutional power for such interference. These resolutions bear upon the impending case of the *Echo*.

The residence of Gen. Wm. E. Martin on Sullivan's Island, with the adjoining house was destroyed by fire on the 22nd inst. Gen. M's. house was one of the finest on the island; being unoccupied the fire wes evidently, the work of an incendiary. S.

THE ROBBERY OF MRS. SIGOURNEY'S HOUSE.—On the night of Sunday, the 21st inst., the house of Mrs. Sigourney, was broken open and robbed during the absence of the family. An entrance was effected by climbing upon the piazza, on the front of the second story, and cutting a section from the door, through which, introducing their hands, they drew two bolts by one of which it was secured to the side of the house, while the other passed into the threshold. Their operations with chisel and auger were favored by the darkness of a stormy night—and having entered the habitation, they lighted up lamps and candles, and searched every apartment in every story, taking from each something to make their visit remembered.

Their inspection was especially thorough in two small rooms, adjoining the parlors, where they hung up double counterpanes at the windows, and if a lock came in their way, they forced it by cutting a piece from the door. They carried away articles to the amount of several hundred dollars, and left the contents of trunks, drawers, and boxes, strewed around in inextricable confusion, some of them bedewed with melted tallow, and others broken or partly burned. When their object was completed they left the premises by one of the lower doors, where their footsteps were traced the next morning in the light snow which had fallen during the night. The public are cautioned against the purchase of articles of jewelry, ladies' apparel, and rare keepsakes, should they chance to be offered for sale in this vicinity.

Hartford (Con) Times.

The Bank of the State of North Carolina has declared a dividend of five per cent. from the earnings of the Bank for the last six months.

MARRIED,

In this place on Tuesday 7th. by Rev. T. M. Jones, Rev. H. T. HUDSON, of N. C. Conference, and Miss HARRIET W., daughter of Dr. John L. Cole, of this place.

In this place on Tuesday 7th. by Rev. L. S. Burkhead, Mr. ROBERT W. DENNY and Miss ELIZA A. WILLIS, all of this place.

On the 25th ult., Mr. JNO. M. HARRIS to Miss S. EMMA BROWN, both of Oak Ridge.

"Oh, there is mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Tone together!"

In this couny, on the 25th ult., by Wm. Kirkman, Esq., Mr. H. C. BENCINI and Miss LAURA ARMFIELD, both of this place.

1858. **For Every Body!** 1859.

The Largest, the Cheapest,

THE BEST!!

The Times:

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Will commence its 4th Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Power Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2; 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50—☜ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing.☜

A. MORRIS,
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER
RICHMOND,

Has just published a **New Volume of Poems,** By MATILDA, one of Virginia's fav orite authors.

Orders from *Ministers, Colporteurs, Book Agents* and *Trade,* will be supplied at a liberal discount.

The book will be mailed to any address, *free of postage,* on receipt of the *price*—$1.

"NOTICES OF THE PRESS."

"Another volume from the pen of the graceful bard of 'Grape Hill.' Matilda is a born poet.—Her thoughts flow in song, with an Æolian harmony, and a zephyr-like sweetness. The beauty of her poetry consists in its naturalness, its freedom from restraint, the absence of effort, the congruity between her thoughts and her words, the simplicity of feeling expressed in purity of language, the quiet transfusion of soul-impressions into words that sparkle and glow in life-like pictures before the mind of the reader. One feels her presence, catches her spirit, and becomes genial, gentle and kind while following her bird-like notes, as, bird-like, she flits from grave to gay in her themes and thoughts.

This volume of gems from her heart treasures will augment her reputation, and multiply her friends. The casket is worthy of its jewels."—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

COMMON SCHOOLS—GUILFORD COUNTY—Fall Distribution for 1858.

No. 1	$68.25	No. 26	$79.17	No. 51	$39.13
2	63.70	27	80.08	52	92.82
3	71.89	28	113.75	53	91.00
4	90.09	29	77.35	54	97.37
5	91.00	30	111.93	55	86.45
6	71.89	31	61.88	56	72.80
7	82.81	32	85.54	57	91.00
8	64.61	33	111.02	58	56.42
9	75.58	34	121.94	59	89.18
10	74 62	35	58.20	60	62.79
11	63.70	36	145 60	61	57.33
12	73.71	37	98.28	62	57.33
13	47.32	38	156.52	63	64.61
14	60.06	39	44.59	64	60.06
15	71.89	40	61.88	65	60.97
16	106.47	41	75 58	66	50.96
17	45.50	42	114.66	67	64.61
18	66 43	43	86.45	68	59.15
19	70.98	44	49.14	69	27.30
20	29.12	45	77.35	70	40.04
21	68.25	46	78.26	71	99.19
22	65.52	47	60.97	72	62.79
23	111.02	48	85.54	73	60.06
24	93.73	49	43.68	74	70.07
25	71-89	50	133.77	75	71.89
				76	50.05

Persons coming before the Examining Committee, will be requested to stand an examination on the following branches of Education, to wit: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography.

NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.
Nov. 25, 1858. 150:4w.

LAMPS. A large lot of fluid lamps just received at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Dec. 9.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5 dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@ 8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18½, crushed 16⅔, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Dec. 7.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar, Crushed,	11¼	Spirits.	
Loaf,	12½	*Tar,* ₱ bbl.	2.25
C. Yellow,	10a10½	*Candles,*	23a28
A Coffee,	11a11½	Sperm,	50a60
Brown,	8a9½	Tallow,	16a18
Rio,	11½a12½	*Cotton,*	11½a11¾
Laguayra,	12½a13	*Salt,* Alum,	25
Java,	18a20	Sack,	2.75
St. Domingo,	18	*Bacon,*	10
Molasses, ₱ gal.	28a25	*Oates,*	50
by bbl.,	30	*Corn,*	70
Cheese,	12½	*Pork,*	19.a20
Lard,	13	*Mullets,*	8.00
Flour, Family	6.00	*Mackerel,*	10
Super.	5.75	*Rice,*	8.55
Spts. Terpentine.	46½	*Meal,*	75
Hard,	1.75	*Peas,*	0

NEW BERNE, MARKET, Dec. 7.
Reported expressly *for the Times*
By D. C. STYRON, Dealer in Produce &c.

Flour (N.C.)	7.00	I. Potatoes	1.40
Corn ₱ bus.	58.a60	S. Potatoes bus.	1.00
Meal ₱ bus.	7.a80	Peas	1.00
Rice ₱ 100	3.50a4.50	Tobacco	00
Pork Mess Bbl	20	Drum Fish	5.a6.00
Bacon hog round	12½	Trout do	5.50a6.50
Lard	13½	Blue	5.50a6.50
Butter	20a30	Ocean Shad	10.00
Beef	10½a11	Herring	4 25.5.50
Molasses by Hhd.	30	Turp'tine Scrape	2.20
do by Bbl.	35	" dip	3.20
Sugar R'd Coffee	11a13	" Virgin	3.75
" Crushed	14	Cotton	10
" P. R.	8½a9½	Spts. Turpentine	44
Coffee Laguayra	12a13	Alum Salt ₱ bus.	25
" Rio	13a14	Salt ₱ Sack	1.60a1.25
" Cape	12a13	Hay	1.00
Vinegar Bbl.	5.00	Oats	40

NORFOLK MARKET, Dec. 6.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$6.75	*Flaxseed,*...	1.40
Extra.....	6.25	*Beeswax,*.....	28
Superfine..	5.75	*Dried Apples,* ₱ bu. of	
Corn, Mixed a W.	68a70	28lbs...	1 75
Yellow.....	70a75	" *Peaches,* 40lbs. ₱	
Wheat, White	1.30	bu.....	5a5 75
Red.....	———	*Bacon,* W. sho'd	8.a8½
Cotton,.....	11a11½	do. Sides	10½
Peas, Black Eye	1.35	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	60	round,	12½
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13	*Staves,* R.O. hhd	3 1a35
do do 2....	12	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2.	11.00	do bbl.	28
do 3.	10.00		

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

DR. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country.

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.
Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

TO LAWYERS.
A YOUNG NEW YORK Lawyer, would like to make arrangements with some respectable lawyer, or law firm, in Greensboro or any other town in North Carolina, to enter upon the duties of the profession. Would accept a situation as managing clerk, or any other, appertaining to his profession. Can give good references as to capability &c.
Address, C. G. DUNN,
New York City.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Oranage; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham: White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times,* to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

20,000 PRINTING CARDS,
With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

A FULL SUPPLY OF BLANKS always on hand

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
REV. N. MC. R. RAY, *A. B. Principal.*

This Institution is now permanently established. Its object is to provide for the thorough education of young ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching.

The Principal is a Graduate of Normal College and an experienced teacher. The Principal of Music has studied and practised it from childhood, and had ten years experience in teaching it. The Assistants are experienced and competent. Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. Young ladies of limited means are credited for tuition until they can teach and pay it.

We are making arrangements to secure for such, desirable situations in this and other Southern States. We have Apparatus, new Piano's, &c. We can accommodate 125 boarding pupils.

The Boarding Department is under the management and control of Jeremiah Pigott. All the teachers board in the Institution.

Pupils admitted at any time and charged to the end of the Session. The Sessions will correspond with those of Normal College, beginning the 1st day of September, and closing between the 20th and 25th of June.

Terms:

The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board is $6.00 per month, exclusive of washing and lights. Tuition in English Branches 6.00 to 15.00 per Session. Latin and Greek, each 7.50. French 5.00. Music on Piano or Guitar 20.00. Use of Piano 2.50.

Painting in Oil 15.00. Drawing 5.00. Water Colors 6.00. Other styles of Painting at reasonable prices. Worsted Embroidery 5.00. Wax Work 5.00. Incidental Expenses 1.00.

Board alone and the English Branches 30.00 to 45.00 per Session. *Half the expenses required in advance.*

For full information address,
Rev. W. L. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*

WANTED.—*Situations for Southern Female Teachers.*
July 17, 1858. 101-tf.

CLOTHING!
CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!!
We beg to announce to our Customers and the public generally that we now have in Store, and are daily receiving a very extensive and choice Selection of Fall and Winter Clothing, comprising everything of the latest and most elegant styles. Also a large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Pistols, Shirts, Jewelry, a variety of Watches and numerous articles in that line. We are prepared to sell those goods at prices to def

THE TIMES.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBORO'UGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Speak not to me of the bright Spring Time.

BY WANDERER.

Speak not to me of the bright spring-time,
With all its budding bloom;
Unless you would have my spirit wear
The sombre pall of gloom.

Kind friend tell me not of the spring-time
And its fragrant flowers;
Or of the dancing sunlight gleaming,
Through the April showers.

Years ago I loved the bright spring-time,
And welcome 'twas to me;
But in one short hour the summons came,
That bade its dear charm flee.

Enola sleeps 'neath the hill-side clod,
On time's wild, rugged shore:
And to her mem'ry their requiems,
The loud ocean waves pour.

Then chide me not because the spring-time,
Hath not *one* charm for me:
My *angel wife* in Paradise reigns,
And thither I would flee.

Newark, N. J.

Reading for the Young.

Conversation.

There are many talkers, but few who know how to converse agreeably.

Speak distinctly, neither too rapidly nor too slowly.

Accommodate the pitch of your voice to the hearing of the person with whom you are conversing.

Never speak with your mouth full.

Tell your jokes and laugh afterwards.

Dispense with superfluous words—such as, "Well, I should think."

The woman who wishes her conversation to be agreeable will avoid conceit or affectation, and laughter, which is not natural and spontaneous. Her language will be easy and unstudied, marked by a graceful carelessness, which, at the same time, never oversteps the limits of propriety. Her lips will readily yield to a pleasant smile; she will not love to hear herself talk; her tones will bear the impress of sincerity, and her eyes kindle with animation, as she speaks. The art of pleasing is, in truth, the very soul of good breeding: for the precise object of the latter is to render us agreeable to all with whom we associate; to make us at the same time, esteemed and loved.

We need scarcely advert to the rudeness of interrupting any one who is speaking, or to the impropriety of pushing, to its full extent, a discussion which has become unpleasant.

Some men have a mania for Greek and Latin quotations; this is peculiarly to be avoided. It is like pulling up the stones from a tomb wherewith to kill the living. Nothing is more wearisome than pedantry.

If you feel your intellectual superiority to any one with whom you are conversing, do not seek to bear him down; it would be an inglorious triumph, and a breach of good manners. Beware, too, of speaking lightly of subjects which bear a sacred character.

Witlings occasionally gain a reputation in society; but nothing is more insipid and in worse taste than their conceited harangues and self-sufficient air.

It is a common idea that the art of writing and the art of conversation are one; this is a great mistake. A man of genius may be a very dull talker.

The two grand modes of making your conversation interesting, are to enliven it by recitals calculated to affect and impress your hearers, and to intersperse it with anecdotes and smart things. Rivasol was a master in the latter mode.

Mr. Clay to the Boys.

The Western Farmer's Almanac for 1859, contains a letter from the sage of Ashland to one of his namesakes, which has never before been published, and is so characteristic of that great man that we take pleasure in transferring it to our columns:

ASHLAND, 7th July, 1845.

MY DEAR LITTLE NAMESAKE:—Your parents have done me the honor to give my name to you. On that account, and at the request of your good mother, I address this note, which she wishes to preserve for your perusal when, in the lapse of time, you shall have attained an age that will enable you to comprehend and appreciate its friendly import.

Your parents entertain fond hopes of you, and you ought to strive not to disappoint them. They wish you to be good, respectable and eminent. You can realize their most sanguine hopes if you most firmly resolve to do so, by judicious employment of your time and your faculties. Shun bad company, and all dissipation—its inevitable consequence. Study diligently and perseveringly. You will be surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which, at first view will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth and principle your invariable guide. Be obedient, and always affectionately respectfully to your parents. Assidiously cultivate virtue and religion, the surest guaranty of happiness, both here and hereafter. In your intercourse with your fellow-beings be firm, but at the same time bland, courteous and obliging. Recognize at all times the paramount right of your country to your most devoted services, whether she treats you ill or well, and never let selfish views or interests predominate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according to these rules you may become respected and great, be an ornament to your country, and a blessing to your parents. That such may be your destiny is the sincere wish of their and your friend.

HENRY CLAY.

Master HENRY CLAY.

A Kiss for Mother.

The Editor of the New Orleans *Christain Advocate*, Nov. 3d, has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors: "The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness, he was a stout, bouyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked with yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relatives to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears. That dear old lady, whoever she is, is probably wholly unconscious of having uttered a sentiment and performed an action, unsurpassed in beautiful simplicity and sublime eloquence. May her sons, when they die, not lack a mother's sympathy; but if they should, may they find one who will kiss them for their mother!

'One touch of nature makes the wor'd kin."

Incident of the Battle of New Orleans.

A British officer, who was in the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and very descriptive of the Western hunter, many of whom marched to the defense of New Orleans as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson:

"We marched," said the officer, "in a solid column of twelve thousand men, in direct line upon the American defenses. I belonged to the staff; and as we advance watched through our glasses the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer only feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be it successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless scrutiny.

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales—a new material for breast works—with the crowd of human beings behind their heads, only visible above the line of defense. We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of Gen. Coffee directly in front, with its great mouth gaping towards us, and the position of Gen. Jackson, with his staff around him. But what attracted our attention most, was the figure of a tall man standing on the breast works, dressed in linsey woolsey, with buckskin leggins, and a broad rimmed felt hat that fell around his face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and graceful attitudes, peculiar to those natural men-dwellers in the forests. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upwards; the right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the toe of his right foot, while with his hand he raised the rim of the hat from his eyes, and seamed gazing from beneath intensely upon our advancing column. The cannon of General Coffee had opened upon us, and tore through our ranks with dreadful slaughter; but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group.—Our eyes were riveted on him. At whom had he leveled his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, and my right hand companion, as noble looking a fellow as ever rode at the head of his regiment, fell from his saddle.—The hunter paused a few moments, without moving his gun from his shoulders then reloaded and resumed his former attitude. Throwing the hat rim over his eyes and again holding it up with the left hand he fixed his piercing gaze upon us as if hunting out another victim. Once more the hat rim was thrown back and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast sharp glances at each other, to see which of us must die; and when the rifle again flashed, another of us dropped to the earth. There was something awful in marching on to certain death.

Gen. Coffee's battery and thousands of musket balls played upon our ranks; we cared not for them—there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was leveled towards us, and its bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must as surely fall! To see the gleaming sun flash as the deadly iron came down and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know, when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full-primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still march on, was awful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming through the smoke the supernatural appearance of some great spirit. Again did he re-load and discharge his rifle with the unfailing aim; and it was indescribable pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the sulphurous smoke gather around us and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle; and to my mind the Kentucky rifleman contributed more to our defeat than anything else; for while he remained to our sight our attention was drawn from our duties; and when at last we became enshrouded in the smoke the work was complete; we were in utter confusion and and unable in the extremity to restore order sufficient to make any successful attack.

So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people, so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the center of a mark, or strike the deer at one hundred and fifty yards in the most vital part; so long as there is a great proportion of the Republic who live as free as the wild Indian knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable; and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Alleghany mountains would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies, and mighty rivers of the West."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich Knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

PARALYSIS RESULTING FROM TOBACCO TIN FOILED.—Within a few years past, tin foil has come into very general use, in place of paper; as an article in which to put up chewing tobacco for general use. The change was convenient and the article grew into favor among tobacco-chewers. At first, consumers had to pay a pretty good price for it, but of late the article has been cheapened. But it has just received a blow that we think must terminate its entire use. It is now asserted, and with severe experience to support it that the tin foil has dangerous poisonous qualities. Two cases have arisen that are calculated to give a great celebrity to this belief. Police Justice Baggs, of Detroit, and a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, have been attacked by severe strokes of paralysis, induced, as the physicians declare, by the poisonous influence of tin foil used by tobacco venders. If this judgment be sound, we may expect to see at once a general abolition of the use of the article.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR TANNING.—Among the many articles exhibited in the halls at the State Fair, which excited our attention particularly, were some handsomely tanned calf-skins, exhibited by Messrs. Harrington & Russ, of South Carolina. This leather was tanned by a new material, being no other than the common sweet fern of our waste lands. Messrs. Harrington & Russ applied for a patent for their discovery. The calfskins referred to were tanned in one week and had the appearance of the best French calf-skins. We look upon this new process as one that will be valuable. Sweet fern has hitherto been a next kin to a nuisance in our fields. Immense quantities grow wild in our waste lands, and if need should require it can be cultivated to any extent. We hope to hear more in regard to this useful discovery, and of the continued application of this hitherto useless shrub to so important a use.—*Maine Farmer.*

EFFECTS OF PRUSSIC ACID.—Monsieur Ozanam relates in a paper read before the Paris Academy of Sciences the results of his experiments upon animals with hydrocyanic or prussic acid. The acid was administered to dogs by inhalation. The animal being then left to itself, the three stages of anæthesia, viz, excitation, collapse, and a return to consciousness, succeeded each other as usual. But if the inhalations be continued to the second period of comma, death is the inevitable consequence. The stage of excitement is marked by such violent tetanic shocks that the animal is often projected to a distance of several feet; the heart beats with great rapidity, and respiration is interrupted by muscular contractions. This state lasts from 30 to 60 seconds, when the collapse commences; the eyeballs are rapidly dilated; the eyes protrude from their sockets, and all the members are paralyzed. But while sharp instruments and hard blows are unavailing to rouse the animal, from its state of insensibility, a slight shock is often sufficient to cause a renewal of the convulsions. During this period the action of breathing only manifests itself by hiccuppiag at long intervals; the pulsations of the heart are rare and weak. By degrees, if too large a quantity of the acid has not been inhaled, the circulation becomes more regular and there only remains an anæsthetic slumber which lasts from five to fifteen minutes. After this, there is a slow return to sensibility, the animal begins to move its fore legs first and its hind legs afterwards, and about 27 minutes after the commencement of the experiment, it returns to its previous normal state. When death has been produced by excessive inhalation, the blood, on opening the body, is found to be black, but it soon turns red again in the air.—The smell of bitter almonds, which the body at first exhales, disappears in a short time, and no trace of the acid can be discovered by any test. Prussic acid would therefore be the only poison producing death without being traceable, were it not that the microscope shows the primitive nervous tubes broken in various places.—Sometimes, also, the larynx and trachea are slightly inflamed. M. Ozanam concludes his paper by stating that oxygen is an effectual antidote against prussic acid. Until respiration is entirely stopped, oxygen may be successfully administered by inhalation, but it must be administered for ten or twelve minutes at least, else the symptoms reappear.

BELLOWSES.—For immediate relief take equal portions of tar, assafœtida, ginger and lard, tied up in a rag and the rag tied on the bridle bits, keep the bits in his mouth all the time, except when eating; give him very little rough food and that wet with salt water; to make an effectual cure of bellowses take ten gallons of water, two gallons of unslacked lime, or three of slacked, two ounces of blue stone mix all together; grind his corn, wet his food with this mixture; give him but a quart of other water a day, or as little as he can live on for thirty or forty days, or until a cure is made; keep bits of tar and assafœtida on all the time.

THUMPS.—Exert the horse until he blows, then bleed freely and effectually; take four dozen egg shells, put into a gallon of vinegar, drench with half a pint of this mixture in a pint of water every day until the gallon is gone; strain the mixture.

HOW TO PUT OUT A FIRE.—A good suggestion is made by the Rev. Thomas Hill of Massachusetts, in a letter to a Fire Company:

"Throw your water—not on the top of the fire, where it will be turned aside by roofs, floors and other obstructions, or, touching the fire will fly off in useless vapor—but throw it at the lowest burning point, that the steam generated may at once ascend through the fire and smother it; throw the water at the lowest burning point, which is by its ascending heat encouraging the whole fire; destroy first that ringleader of the riot."

For ventilation open your windows both at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way, while the foul makes its exit the other. This is letting in your friend and expelling your enemy.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wilt thou brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

ANS. to question of last week: 1¼ or 1.25.

QUESTION: Two men own a mahogany board of superior beauty, 20 feet long and 2 feet broad at one end, but running to a point at the other. Now they desire to divide the board equally, and yet so that the share of each shall be of the same shape as the above: how can they do it?

ANS. next week.

"Judge Moore, who many years ago presided in the courts of several of the western counties of Pennsylvania, was frequently finding fault with the lawyers for bringing unimportant suits into his courts.

On one occasion he thus sharply addressed the plaintiff's council, a young and hopeful limb of the law:

"Mr. R——, why did you bring this suit to our court? Why did you not leave it out to be decided by three honest men of the neighborhood?"

"Yer honor," replied R——, "I preferred that honest men shouldn't try it."

SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.—A most animated dispute occurred on Cross Street, a few days ago between Cato Brown and Jim Totten, two factory hands, employed in one of the tobacco factories, and well known for their extensive information on all scientific subjects. The question under discussion was the shape of the earth. Cato contended that it was flat and stood on a big rock, a theory which when advanced, drew forth the following dialogue—

Jim—You argers dat de world is flat and stands on big rock, now I want you to tole me what dat rock stand on?

Cato—Nigger, I'se s'prised at your ignerance! why it stands on annurer big rock.

Jim—(confident that he had his opponent cornered)—but what dose bofe of dem rocks stan on?

Cato—(after a moment's hesitation)—Why, dar is rocks all de way down.

Jim—(with a pompous air)—My colored friend, I'se sorry to see sick 'splays ob remitigated obscurity in a gemman of your egsalted pertensions; allow me who has experienced superior opportunities, to correct de wery deroneous repression you has, and inform you dat dis earf is round and devolves on axles.

Cato—I knows how to depreciate de feelin dat prompts you to distend to diss nigger de information dat you furnish on de question dat we is at present debatin', and wid all reference to s'perior opportunities to which you take occasion to prelude, I must disagree wid you on de freeory dat you advances. Kase if de world was round and turned on axles, wouldn't de axle-trees broke down and spill all de people in the street? Answer me dat.

It is unnecessary to add that Jim was utterly confounded by this overwhelming argument, and forced to "knock under" to the superior intellectual attainments of his opponent.

IGNORANCE.—There was a time when ignorance could scarcely be called a vice. In the dark ages, ignorance was a matter of necessity with the great bulk of mankind; and we ought rather to pity the mistaken notions and rude ferocity of manners to which that ignorance gave rise, as inevitable consequences of a cause over which our ancestors had no control, than to ridicule the former, or declaim against the latter. But in the present enlightened state of our country the meanest among us have no excuse for being ignorant. To the poorest and humblest, means of information and improvement are now accessible which in the earlier and dark ages did not exist, even for the wealthy and noble.

CATO'S EXTRA PRAYER.—A pious old negro, saying grace at the table not only used to ask a blessing upon his board, but he would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day he was out of potatoes, and suspecting he would pray for some at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetable, and stole under the window which stood near the table of our colored Christian. Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced:

"Oh, Massa Lord, will dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress eberything before us, and be pleased to bestow upon us a few taters——"

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dem's um Lord," said Cato, looking with surprise, "only jes leff um down a leetle easier next time."

An honest son of Erin, green from his peregrinations, put his head into a lawyer's office, and asked the inmate?

"An, what do you sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the limb of the law.

"Oh, thin to be sure," said Pat, "it must be a good trade, for I see there is but one of them left."

"The wicked don't live out half their days," said a good man to his servant. "Dat is queer," said Cuffy. "Him no live out half his day? Den I's pose he die 'bout 'leben o'clock in de forenoon."

The Shylock who, with head erect with honest people mingles, should cease to shave his fellow men and go to shaving shingles.

The lawyer would be better off, his conscience far less pliant, who owned a little farm and fee, and made that farm his client.

We have some doctors in our midst whose talents they should use, by practising the healing art, of healing boots and shoes.

The minister whose sage advice a useful moral teaches, should mind and "watch as well as pray," and practice what he preaches.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question:

Can anybody name an animal of the order EDENTATA—that is a front-toothless animal.

A boy whose face bounded with pleasure at the prospect of a good remark, replied:

I can.

Well, what is the animal?

My grandmother, replied the boy.

Business Cards.

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best writers, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
Published weekly at $2, by C.C. COLE & J.W. ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Specimens sent gratis.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
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Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum,.....$5.00

D. C. STYRON,
BROAD-STREET, TWO DOORS west of Middle-street, Newbern, N. C., dealer in **Dry Goods**, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH, OYSTERS, CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c.
☞ **Seller of Country Produce.**
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS. (121-1y.)

E. F. POWELL,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER. Would take this method of informing the Citizens of Greenesboro, and the surrounding country, that he has just returned from the Northern Cities with the handsomest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver ware and Fancy Goods, ever offered in this market, also a lage lot of Confectionaries, Fruits, Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. &c, &c—all of which is offered at the lowest figures for Cash.
All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice*, and on the most reasonable terms.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*) Greensboro, N. C.
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This *family adviser* should be in every invaluable house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, Including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
☞ Refer to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C, F. Deems, M. T. Heflin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. M. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Stoy, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esprs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc.
Rosewood Iron Frame Pianos, from $150 upwards, warranted in every particular. (107:1y)

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court-house, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105.1y)

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO., Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Silk Goods, No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia. 2-1y

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

R. L. DONNELL'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY is now opened, and Cameotypes, Melainotypes, and Ambrotypes, which cannot be surpassed for durability and beauty are taken in Lockets, Pins and Cases, to suit the tastes and purses of all!
Call and examine Specimens, and learn the Prices. Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro. 139-y.

SCOTT & GORRELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES, Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles, etc., Garrett's new brick building, GREENSBORO, N. C.
1858. 191 1y

A CARD.
JAMES F. JOLLEE.—Has on hand a large and well selected stock of **Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes** and **Hats,** purchased this fall, in short EVERYTHING THAT MEN WEAR, and a little more Besides, which he will sell cheap for CASH or to punctual customers on a SHORT CREDIT.
Oct. 21st., 1858. 146—tf.

KISS ME QUICK—A FRAGRANT and permanent perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips, just received and for sale by SCOTT & GORRELL.
Together with FRANGEPANNI, an everlasting perfume, and a fine assortment of EXTRACTS, POMADES, HAIR OIL, SOAPS, TO LET WATERS and POWDERS

All JOB WORK, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy, and Dispatch, at this Office.

℞ THE GREATEST MEDical Discovery of the Age, is **AYER'S CATHARTIC Pills.**
They don't *help* complaints, but they *cure* them.
One Box has cured Dyspepsia.
Three Boxes have cured the worst cases of Scrofula.
Two Boxes have cured Erysipelas.
One Box always cures the Jaundice.
Three Boxes are sure to cleanse the system from Boils—often less than one does it.
Two Boxes have completely cured the worst of ulcers on the legs.
Small doses seldom fail to cure the Piles.
One dose cures the headache arising from a foul stomach.
Strong doses often repeated expel every worm from the body.
They should be given to children, who are always more or less afflicted with this scourge.
As a gentle Physic they have no equal.
One Box cures derangement of the Liver.
Half a Box cures a Cold.
They purify the blood, and thus strike at the foundation of every disease.
As a dinner Pill there is not their equal in the world.
They are purely vegetable, and can do no harm, but do accomplish an unaccountable amount of good.
Price 25 cts per Box—5 Boxes for $1.00.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro; Williams & Heywood, Raleigh; S J Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Land & Co., Richmond, and all druggists. 125:6m

THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER
SO LONG UNSUCCESSFULLY Sought, Found at Last! For it restores permanently gray hair to its original color; covers luxuriantly the bald head; removes all dandruff, itching and all scrofula, scald head and all eruptions; makes the hair soft, healthy, and glossy; and will preserve it to any imaginable age, remove, as if by magic, all blotches, &c. from the face, and cures all neuralgia and nervous head ache. See circular and the following.

Dover, N. H., Feb. 2d, 1857.
Prof. O. J. Wood & Co.—Gents: Within a few days we have received so many orders and calls for Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, that to day we were compelled to send to Boston for a quantity, (the 6 dozen you forwarded all being sold,) while we might order a quantity from you. Every bottle we have sold seems to have produced three or four new customers and the approbation, and patronage it receives from the most substantial and worthy citizens of our vicinity, fully convince us that it is A MOST VALUABLE PREPARATION.
Send us as soon as may be one gross of $1 size; and one dozen $2 size; and believe us yours very respectfully.
Signed DANIEL LATHORP & Co.

Hickory Grove, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov. 19, 1856. Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Resterative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.
Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The hair almost entirely came off in consequence, when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but, to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the diseas entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scaly, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child. We can therefore, and do hereby recommend your Restorative, as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are, yours respectfully,
GEORGE W. HIGGINBOTHAM,
SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Gardiner, Maine, June 22, 1855.
Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: I have used two bottles of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and can truly say it is the greatest discovery of the age for restoring and changing the Hair. Before using it I was a man of seventy. My Hair has now attained its original color. You can recommend it to the world without the least fear, as my case was one of the worst kind.
Yours Respectfully,
DANIEL N. MURPHY.
O. J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER.
109::1y Greensboro.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.
THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.
The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.
It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.
Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)
FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum
Additional copies at the same rate.
Single copy.....$2.00
All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.
Journal and Times.....$3
The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.
☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL** and **WINTER GOODS,** consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.
October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

I GIVE NOTICE, THAT I Shall ask the next General Assembly of North Carolina, to pass a law on my behalf, extending the term for collecting taxes.
W. A WINBOURNE.
Oct., 30th '58. (47—tf.)

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy, for Bone Fellons, and
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

8 LIKELY NEGROES FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell eight likely negroes privately on good terms. B. L. COLE.
Greensboro, N. C., 24, '58. 150:tf

HOOP SKIRTS.—Brass, Steel and Whale-Bone. Also: a very fine **Lace Skirt**—all of which we will sell at prices that are bound to please.
October, '58. COLE & AMIS.

JOB WORK.
Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of **Plain & Fancy Job TYPE,** we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing
Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand-Bills,
Business-Cards, Visiting-Cards, Bill-Heads,
Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once

BLANKS.
WE have just printed, on a very good article of Post's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of
Blank Warrants, Ca. Sa. Bonds, Affidavits,
Writs, Executions, Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust, Witness Tickets, Juror Tickets,
Land Entries, Subpœnas, Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions, Writs to sell Land, &c. &c.
Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ Per Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
COLE & ALBRIGHT,
West Market Street, Greensboro N.C

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,
IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic, cleaner, soother, and invigorator* than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced by the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.
The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it the powers of the system are in a state entirely dependent on the proper performance of this function; when the Liver is out of tune, the bowels become deranged, and the whole system suffers in consequence. Nine tenths of the diseases of this country, may be traced directly or indirectly to the Liver, as the primary cause. It has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy which would be a specific for the many diseases generated by a diseased Liver, and at last found, my purpose fulfilled, in any of its forms, a conviction is certain.
Those diseases removed by the Liver Invigorator, are all the obstruction removes the cause, and nature makes a perfect cure.
Only one dose required in Chills, and a sure cure for Chills and Fever.
Only one bottle is necessary to throw out of the system the effects of mercury.
One bottle taken for lowness or unnatural color of the skin, removes all from the skin.
One dose taken in a short time before eating gives relief to the appetite, and makes food digest well.
One dose often repeated cures Jaundice in its worst forms.
One or two doses cures Bowel complaints, yield almost to the first dose.
Children's diseases are numerous, and the Liver Invigorator is no stranger, it is a sure cure for Worms in the world, as it never fails.
☞ A few bottles cures Dropsy, by exciting the absorbents.
We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, and all Fevers of a Bilious type, with certainty, and thousands of wonderful victims, while Summer Complaints yield to its influence.
All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.
☞ Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working, cures, almost too great to believe, it seems like magic, *even the first dose gives great benefit*, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of Liver Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache*, all of which are the result of a Diseased Liver.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.
Wholesale Agents:
BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & CO., Boston; W. H. HAY & CO., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; HASKINS & HOLBROOK, Charleston; FLEMINGTON & DAVIS, Chicago; O. J. WOOD & CO., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. RANEY, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*
115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.
To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c
The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.
Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,)